THE LIVING AGE

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for March, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THE FACT that we are devoting more of our space than usual to Germany surely needs no justification at this hour. Only the character of the different contributions calls for comment. Adolf Hitler's New-Year message reveals the essential qualities of one of the foremost living demagogues. For good measure, however, we also include a less sympathetic account of his activities since his sudden and unexpected rise in the world. Read one after the other, the two articles give a first-hand impression of the kind of thing that appeals to the post-war generation of young Germans.

IT WOULD not be surprising if the name of Sir Oswald Mosley were some day to attract the international attention that is now focused upon Hitler. Although an adherent of the left wing of the Labor Party, Sir Oswald has not renounced the title that has been in his family since 1781, and his still more aristocratic wife, a daughter of Lord Curzon, not only shares his political faith but fortifies the aroma of superiority that emanates so effectively from them both. Indeed, we suspect that Sir Oswald's social background rather than his brilliant programme of radical economic reform is responsible for his popularity as a politician. Love of titles dies hard in a country that has honored its nobility for centuries, and British history indicates that genius for leadership has remained the almost exclusive property of the upper class. Sir Oswald's inheritance, ability, and instinctive sympathy for the Labor cause make him a young man worth watching, and his recent query as to whether any British citizens have died of starvation in the United States shows that he has a fine flair for publicity.

PAUL HAURIGOT says that he went to Geneva to study the League through the medium of its permanent officials. He describes in this issue his conversations with a Japanese, a German, and a Frenchman. Certainly he makes no attempt to gild the lilies of peace that are trying to blossom in Geneva, and more revelations are promised which we shall surely pass on to our readers if they are half as revealing as the ones he has vouchsafed us so far.

THE QUESTION of war debts is one that refuses to lie quiet and it has been actively revived in England by Lloyd George, who recently accused Stanley Baldwin of not having secured good enough terms at Washington in 1922. Sir Robert Horne, who immediately preceded Mr. Baldwin as Chancellor of the Exchequer, comes to the Conservative leader's defense and shows that the settlement arrived at was as satisfactory a one as the British could have hoped for at the time. In the light of various demands for reduction and even cancellation of these debts, it is interesting to know that some responsible Englishmen are not wholly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs.

HAMILTON FISH, JR., seems to be about as popular in Russia as Stalin would be at a D. A. R. convention, though he is not taken quite so seriously. An authentic Communist, writing in Moscow, asserts that capitalist America and Socialist Russia are indispensable to one another and gives us some entertaining samples of Bolshevist humor at the expense of Mr. Fish. Then comes Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, with a careful explanation of Russia's monetary policy which answers some of the questions raised in these columns by Wilm Stein's 'Inflation in Russia,' which ap-

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THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

THERE HAS BEEN so much talk in Europe of impending war that the foreign ministers of Italy, France, England, and Germany have issued this joint manifesto from Geneva:—

> As the result of our discussions and conversations during the past few days concerning the problems which our Governments have respectively to face, it has become plain that economic recovery is now being hindered by lack of confidence in the course of future events, due to widespread political anxiety. That anxiety has been increased by irresponsible talk in various quarters concerning the possibility of international war. We recognize that there are political difficulties in Europe at the present time, and that these difficulties have been accentuated by the economic instability and unrest which the world economic depression has caused. The best service we can render toward meeting the economic position is the firm assurance of European peace. We therefore declare as foreign ministers, or responsible representatives of European states, that we are resolutely determined to use the machinery of the League to prevent any resort to violence.

The emphasis on economic recovery is significant. Not only do these statesmen want to dispel political anxiety—and hence the economic depression—they even blame some of their own political difficulties on economic factors. This is a real change. It has become the fashion lately to insist that politics are subordinate to economics, and at times of crisis the political leaders of old Europe have sought assistance from the economic leaders of young America. But the world depression has

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awakened the suspicion that business men and bankers are not infallible. European countries with their paternalistic systems of government look upon the United States as a nation comparatively free from state interference in private enterprise. Thus the failure of our financial and business leaders to conjure away the depression has not made President Hoover's doctrine of 'rugged individualism' any more compelling abroad.

But to return to the subject of war. Three danger spots now exist in Europe—the Polish-German frontier, the Franco-Italian frontier, and the Italian-Yugoslav frontier. Yet Germany is the only country with anything like a national grievance. It can be stated as a positive fact that there is nothing like the same general dissatisfaction with the *status quo* among the masses in Italy, France, Yugoslavia, or even Poland that exists in Germany on the subject of the Polish Corridor. Russia, of course, represents a threat to peace, but chiefly as an instigator of trouble between capitalist countries. It is part of the Marxian doctrine that the world revolution will come as a result of disputes among the capitalist powers and the probability that a German-Polish war would lead to a social revolution in Germany makes the Russians as eager to promote trouble in that quarter as the rest of Europe is eager to prevent it. But since Russia's chief concern at the moment is the Five-Year Plan, European peace has more to fear from Hitler than from any other quarter.

THE CHAIRMEN of the six great banks that dominate England have long been esteemed above other men, and this year their annual statements have attracted especially respectful attention. Each of them has, of course, attempted to analyze the world depression, but no two of them come to quite the same conclusions. The Right Honorable Reginald M'Kenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank and a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, has a great deal to say about the United States. 'It is evident,' he asserts, 'that more money was created than trade actually needed, for much of the supply was, in fact, not used in ordinary business at all.' He then puts forward this diagnosis of the last ten years of American financial history:—

> Briefly, we may say that from 1921 to 1928 the growing supplies of money were largely diverted into speculation; between 1928 and 1930 the existing supplies of money were immobilized to a great extent and the rate of turnover drastically reduced, as a result of the psychology of fear which developed from the stock-market collapse. American monetary policy failed to maintain prosperity, first, because it could not control the use of money, and, subsequently and as a consequence, because it could not persuade the public to use the money it provided.

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Mr. M'Kenna is a banker of the 'gold-bug' school and he attributes the depression mainly to monetary causes, which he lists in the following order:—

> Summarizing the situation in all its aspects, I would ascribe the economic troubles of the world to three main causes, all of which, unfortunately, are in operation at the same time. First, we are suffering from maldistribution of gold due to the relative inability or unwillingness of creditor countries to lend to debtor countries. Secondly, the public has not yet recovered from the reaction from the American stock-market collapse. And, thirdly, we are still feeling the effects of the long period of deflation in this country.

This attitude of his is partly due to the Bank of England's depleted gold reserves, which have become as great a source of mortification to patriotic Englishmen as the concession of naval parity to America. The *Week-end Review* expresses these sentiments in quite comprehensible terms when it renders this criticism of France and the United States:—

> The French hoard of gold, worth £414,000,000, and the American hoard of £800,000,000 represent nearly ten times the amount that this country finds necessary for supporting the most highly organized money market in the world. It is the almost unanimous opinion of those best qualified to judge that this miserly folly, which has recently sterilized the entire supply of new gold and has absorbed in addition much of the existing stock, is a major cause of the world depression. While this country has nothing with which to reproach itself, there is no evidence that sufficient effort has yet been made to persuade the offenders to reverse a policy which is no more to their own interest than to the world's.

Mr. F. C. Goodenough, chairman of Barclays Bank, offers a criticism of the United States no less positive than Mr. M'Kenna's:—

> The people of Great Britain realized in 1922 that there was a great difference between commercial debts and debts incurred between governments as the result of the Great War. They also realized that the debtor countries of the world could not by any means discharge their war debts, as first arranged, without insolvency and economic chaos as the consequences, and by a voluntary act of unparalleled generosity Great Britain undertook not to exact from them more than she might have to pay to America. In this way, she canceled the sum of £2,550,000,000 of war debt due to her, which sum she has, therefore, definitely and directly lost, but this action on the part of Great Britain has enabled those countries and their peoples to continue their economic existence, and thereby Great Britain, and indeed every exporting and trading country, is gaining the benefit now to some extent, and should gain a greater benefit in the future. The same would happen in the case of America if she should cancel the war debts due to her, which amount to nearly £2,400,000,000. The gain to her as a great exporting country, through having solvent customers for her goods, and through the increase of their purchasing power, would be immense. There would also be a gain to other countries, including Great Britain, although, owing to the terms of our concession in regard to war debts, we should not directly benefit. Looking at the matter as a purely business proposition there can be no doubt that it would pay, and I think that America and other countries in a similar position should seriously consider the way in which they would certainly gain by such an act.

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The *Statist* endorses Mr. Goodenough's assertion that 'monetary influences have played a much smaller part in bringing about the depression than is sometimes thought' and agrees with him that overproduction is a more important factor. But the statement the *Statist* applauds most of all is that of Mr. Rupert Beckett, the new chairman of the Westminster Bank. Here is the essence of his case:—

> We are passing through, not so much a gold crisis, nor yet a credit crisis, but what I may term a 'barter' crisis. The majority of the population of the world are producers of the primary commodities—foodstuffs, minerals, animal products such as wool, and vegetable products such as cotton and rubber. In almost all of these, Nature has yielded a series of bumper harvests and gatherings, with the natural consequences of a plethora of supplies and constantly falling prices. Now, international trade is fundamentally an interchange of raw materials and manufactured products. It follows, then, that the quantity of the latter which the primary producing countries are able to take from the manufacturing countries will depend upon the relative cheapness or dearness of the two classes of goods.

Is it, perhaps, significant that the newest of the chairmen should be the one who does not include a sermon on nationalism in his remarks?

THANKS TO THE political sagacity of Chancellor Brüning, Germany is not only surviving a desperate winter of unemployment, but the increasing power of the National Socialists has been miraculously held in check. Adolf Hitler's New-Year address, which leads off this issue, shows how barren his party is of ideas and leadership but it also indicates —and Felix Salten's description of Berlin provides more impressive testimony of a similar nature—what a hopeless state of mind pervades the nation as a whole. As we have tried to indicate several times before, the present danger in Europe is not war but revolution, and Germany illustrates this condition more conspicuously than any other country. William Martin, the astute and by no means alarmist foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, writes:—

> All Europe is interested in preserving the social order in Germany. Revolutions, like epidemics, do not recognize frontiers. If a régime of violence were to triumph in Berlin, we cannot think of many countries in Europe that are strong enough, healthy enough, and sufficiently sure of themselves not to fear the effects of such an event.

Kurt Hiller, radical contributor to the *Weltbühne* of Berlin, sets forth the revolutionary desires of the left-wing adherents in these words:—

> We need the coöperation of all Red powers, because we need Red revolution. We need this for the sake of the suffering proletariat and for the threatened cause of peace. On Russia's unfruitful soil revolution occurred long since. On the much more fruitful and likewise more industrially developed soil of Germany the Russian experiment can achieve miracles, especially with Russia's help. The economic

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crisis and the cultural crisis can be solved only by Socialist revolutionary methods. No one can tell when the time will be ripe, and our eternal fear of acting positively is doing us no good. Everything great requires daring. The hour comes when one can march no further, when one must decide to leap. Traitors tell us that the leap we want to take is a leap in the dark. Actually it is a leap into the light. It is what Friedrich Engels called 'the leap of humanity from the realm of necessity into the realm of freedom.'

The *New Statesman* is more afraid of danger from the right:—

At the present moment Germany is passing through a spiritual phase similar to that which she passed through in 1807. Now, as then, the German people have lost faith in the peaceful solution of their troubles, and the country is honeycombed with societies which are organized on a military basis, and in which every member is forced to take a military oath and is provided with a mobilization card exactly as in the case of a conscripted soldier. That this movement is supported by the youth of Germany and by the post-war generation is significant. It is true that hitherto the German Government has fulfilled its obligations and that the *Reichswehr* has remained loyal to the Government. But the danger is that the time will come when the *Reichswehr* will be hand in glove with the secret formations of Herr Hitler and the *Stahlhelm*. The period of test cannot be long delayed, and it will require immense tact and foresight on the part of European diplomacy to bring Germany through her crisis without some serious upheaval.

DR. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, a German publicist well known in his own country and abroad for his moderate views, has written an important article in *Europäische Gespräche* urging that Germany renounce her membership in the League of Nations. 'If Germany and Italy,' he writes, 'were shortly to withdraw from the League, and if America were to remain aloof from it, then the League could not be kept going. In the British Empire, the policy of turning a cold shoulder to the European continent, which the Dominions have long wished for anyhow, would at once become an accomplished fact.' He admits that France and England might succeed in bribing Italy to remain at Geneva. He confesses that bad effects would be produced in America, where Germany has raised so much money since the War. He recognizes that Germany would lose all chance of regaining any of her former colonies. Yet in spite of all the objections that occur to him as a student of world politics, he proclaims that he is above all a man and as such he must follow his conscience, not his reason. 'We must get out of Geneva,' he declares, for the destruction of the League is the supreme advantage that outweighs all other considerations.

But, according to the London *Economist*, Dr. Bartholdy omits one all important item:—

He does not say that the destruction of the League, by a concerted withdrawal of Germany and Italy, would mean another great war in Europe within

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the next ten or twenty years. But palpably he knows it; and his knowledge of it can be read between the lines. That Germans like Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy should be in this mood now is a portent. Something must be done. But in what direction helpful policy is to be sought is not so easy to say. To attempt to arraign France for desiring to perpetuate in Europe a post-war balance of power whose price must be another hell of poison gas and slaughter is neither politic nor fair; for in France to-day, if 'security' (for reasons which Germany is none too well fitted by past history to question) is an obsession, grandiose visions of *Machtpolitik* have no hold whatever on mass opinion. Conceptions of a 'system of Europe' which may engross the mentality of the Quai d'Orsay elicit little enthusiasm from the great body of *moyens* Frenchmen who live between the Pas-de-Calais and the Pyrenees. Equally we decline to believe that the great mass of 'middling' German opinion has much sympathy with a policy whose objective is a new Triple Alliance of Germany, Italy, and the U.S.S.R., dividing Europe once again into two armed camps. It is on the statesmen of the powers, therefore, that responsibility of the gravest possible character rests. And the supreme task which lies before M. Briand and Herr Curtius this year is to persuade their countrymen —the one, that men are made more dangerous by hopelessness than by any other emotion; the other, that the worst way to secure the coöperation of friendly sympathizers is to try to force the pace, to surrender—as children do—to unreasoning despair, or (above all) to endeavor wrongheadedly to capitalize the cry of 'Wolf, wolf.'

Important as Dr. Bartholdy's pronouncement is, the *Economist's* reply is equally significant. It reveals a fact that the Germans themselves are beginning to recognize, to wit, that never since the time of Victoria have the German people enjoyed more sympathy in England than they do to-day.

THE VIRTUAL reconstitution of the Tardieu Cabinet under the leadership of Pierre Laval indicates that even the joined forces of the Radicals and Socialists cannot command a steady majority in the present Chamber of Deputies. M. Laval, who is despised by the left as a renegade Socialist, tried to persuade the Radicals, at least, to support him and offered them five cabinet posts. They refused, however, on the ground that the reactionary Marin group, which commands 85 votes to their 111, was to be represented by just one officeholder. M. Laval himself not only occupies the Premiership but also the strategic post of minister of the interior; Briand remains at the Foreign Office, and Tardieu reluctantly accepted the portfolio of agriculture. Henri de Kerillis, writing in the reactionary *Echo de Paris*, prophesies that Laval, who has already shown himself a skillful negotiator in settling labor disputes, will be able to remain in office indefinitely. The left-wing press, on the other hand, speaks contemptuously of the 'Oustric Cabinet' because some of the members of the present Government are still under investigation for their connection with the bank scandal that caused Tardieu's

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overthrow. The inclusion of a Senegal negro as undersecretary of state for the colonies has attracted some attention since it is the first time that a colored subject of France has ever held a ministerial position. Hitler's *Völkischer Beobachter* makes this characteristic comment: 'A disgraceful affront for Europe—France appoints a nigger vice minister! For us Germans the fact that a nigger has entered the ranks of our tormentors and tribute masters is doubly shameful.'

WITH UNEMPLOYMENT slowly increasing in France, *Le Temps* has come out with an attack on the dole, arguing that any form of state subsidy will only make matters worse. The excuse for this outburst was a speech by Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Office at Geneva, who recommended unemployment insurance, extension of public works, and reduction of hours. 'Is M. Thomas the impartial director at Geneva of an official institution,' asks *Le Temps*, 'or is he the representative of the Socialist International?' There is no dole in France and *Le Temps* hopes that there never will be one. It maintains that British experience has proved the folly of recognizing that there is such a thing as unemployment, since in England the normal laws of supply and demand no longer operate. As for public works, they are just as pernicious, as is proved by the situation in Germany, where state enterprises are drawing off a huge share of the national income. And a reduction of hours suggests America and Henry Ford. President Hoover, taxed with the same problems, might agree on the subject of doles and subsidies, but he could hardly approve of the slur cast on his great Detroit admirer.

A BLUE BOOK issued by the British Foreign Office and containing 'A Selection of Documents Relative to the Labor Legislation in Force in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics' has intensified the fears that the London *Times* entertains in regard to Russia. The book consists entirely of decrees issued by the Soviet Government, some of which the *Times* reproduces with appropriate comments. On October 9, 1930, the People's Commissariat for Labor proclaimed:—

1. In view of the great shortage of labor in all branches of state industry, insurance bureaus are requested to discontinue payment of unemployment benefit. No provision for the payment of unemployment benefit has been made in the Budget of Social Insurance for the supplementary quarter, October–December, 1930.

2. Labor exchanges are instructed to take all necessary measures in order that the unemployed be immediately sent to work, and of these the first to be sent are persons entitled to draw unemployment benefit.

3. Unemployed persons are to be drafted not only to work in their own trades, but also to other work, necessitating special qualifications.

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4. No excuse for refusal of work, with the exception of illness, supported by a medical certificate, should be considered. Refusal of work carries with it removal from the registers of the labor exchanges.

Which led the *Times* to make this comment:—

With such powers over a vast population rendered docile by generations of ignorance and oppression the Russian Government is able to exploit the almost illimitable resources of an immense country in which it has confiscated all the instruments of production from their private owners. With any capacity for organization at all—and it has shown remarkable capacity in that respect—it is bound to become a formidable competitor in almost every branch of production. It is more than mere economic competition which is threatened. That is merely a means to an end. The Soviet Government, like the Communist International, is merely an instrument of the Communist Party, whose leaders have never disguised the fact that their ultimate object is a world revolution; and it is the conviction that they are helping to bring about this revolution which inspires their followers to endure the privations imposed by the Five-Year Plan.

A leading British authority in the timber trade has expressed similar fears:—

The danger is not in buying timber from Russia, but in having any connection with that country at all. If the rest of the world does not want Communism, it should refuse, by agreement, to trade with Russia in any way, because, in a few years' time, when all the factories now being built are fully working, with the country's vast internal resources and the energy of 150,000,000 people to draw upon, they not only will provide all that the Russian people want, but will swamp the world with cheap goods with which other industrial nations cannot compete. . . . Meanwhile every country that has any connection with Russia, and every credit extended to her, including that allowed by the British Government, are helping to bring nearer the day when the products of Communism, if not the creed, will swamp the markets of the world.

In Manchuria the effects of Soviet dumping are already causing alarm. The *Daily Telegraph's* Tokyo correspondent has recently been talking with a visitor to that part of the world who says that a Soviet department store in Harbin is offering cheap textiles, high-grade wines and liquors, cigarettes, canned goods, and furs at prices against which no other dealers can compete. A curious situation has, however, arisen, and the British are invited to take what pleasure in it they can:—

Soviet goods legally enter the Chinese domain through the customs port of Manchouli, the western entrance to Manchuria, where they pay such duties as are levied. Harbin is the centre of distribution. Here they are bought at regular prices and smuggled across the border—a possibility that never entered the Soviet skull. The result is that loyal Soviet citizens in remote parts, who believe the world is crazy and topsy-turvy, are being well fed—by Chinese smugglers. Thus it appears that both the Soviet and their foreign trade rivals are being squeezed by the wily son of Han, and, if the traffic is to stop, the Soviet will be put to

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the expense of maintaining a frontier guard of the sort that patrols the United States and Canadian border, and of similar length.

The position is curious. What will be the end of the Soviet experiment? Such a system of trade continued must logically destroy all rivals, resulting in international conflict, such as Soviet policy would welcome. But will the Moscow 'worker' continue to be satisfied with the conditions which may be summed up in the phrase, 'starvation at home but plenty abroad'?

RUMORS that all is not well with Fascist Italy continue to reach the outer world. A year ago we published an article by former Premier Nitti asserting that Fascist finance was driving the country into bankruptcy, and now anti-Fascist pamphlets of a similar tenor are being circulated proclaiming that the deficit for 1930 was larger than the deficit for 1929, although the Government insists that its books balanced on both occasions. But most of the signs of impending trouble are less definite. Two British writers, for instance, Sisley Huddleston of the *New Statesman* and an anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, agree that disturbances are in the air. The *Times* correspondent asserts that the nation at large is getting bored with Fascism and that Mussolini has not succeeded in attracting the aristocracy to his support. Industry has declined 15 per cent as compared with last year and unemployment is increasing. In democratic countries, the political leaders can blame similar manifestations on world causes, but Mussolini, having taken the credit for all of Italy's successes, is now being held responsible for all its shortcomings. The upshot of the matter seems to be that the present economic slump may produce a political upheaval.

RATHER too late in the day, King Alfonso of Spain is making concessions that should have been granted when Primo de Rivera's dictatorship collapsed. For General Berenguer has scarcely cleaned house at all. The big landowners, who have always controlled the voting, remain as powerful as ever, and in the face of growing discontent the more liberal leaders feel that it is hopeless to expect anything of the country's present leaders. In consequence, plans for further revolts are said to be going forward and it is now clear that the December uprisings came a great deal closer to succeeding than the outer world was led to believe. When Alfonso sanctioned Primo's illegal dictatorship he created a dangerous precedent because people are now asking why other individuals who consider themselves fit to save the country should be sent to jail.

FEW COUNTRIES have suffered more than Rumania from the drop in the price of wheat. A rich soil, high tariffs, and an inflated currency

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had created a temporary prosperity which quite vanished in the course of the last year, and now the question is what new political groups will be formed. The old Liberal Party virtually disappeared when Vintilă Brătianu died, and the National Peasant Party, which controls eight-ninths of the votes in the Chamber, has lost its prestige. The return of King Carol bolstered up the morale of the people, but the economic depression and his failure to reconcile himself with his popular wife are now working against him. The present likelihood is that a 'government of personalities' will be formed, headed by Titulescu, former minister to Great Britain and now Rumanian delegate at Geneva. Ex-Premier Julius Maniu will probably not return to power, partly because of his health and partly because he held office so long that people grew weary of him. With Titulescu in control, Rumania will probably undergo a thorough financial overhauling at the hands of the experts connected with the League.

WITH BUT FEW exceptions the leading British statesmen and journalists hailed the Round-Table Conference on India as a great success. Their rejoicings, however, seem to be proving premature and Winston Churchill may live to see the day when his violent attacks on the settlement will be justified. When the conference broke up he remarked: 'The only possible conclusion which a stranger could draw from reading the eloquent speeches of the delegates would be that the British people were anxious to wind up their connection with India as soon as possible and for that purpose were endeavoring to bring all races and creeds in India together, in order that the business of government might be finally handed over to them.'

To which the *New Statesman* replied:—

> The stranger would be right (save perhaps that 'winding up' the connection with India is an exaggerated phrase), and Mr. Churchill is only wrong in his belief that 'this is not what the British nation wishes or means.' Surely it is precisely what the British nation does wish and mean. And the great achievement of the conference is to have made that intention plain. The conference has not solved the problem of India, but it has brought a solution very much nearer by compelling the British people to treat Indian self-government not as a bogy or a project in cloud-cuckoo-land, but as an issue of practical politics, to be settled peacefully, cheerfully, and as promptly as possible.

Now Indian self-government is no doubt a fine ideal, but even the most radical member of the Labor Party would scarcely favor it if, as a result, England were to suffer a further reduction in her oversea trade. Furthermore, there are certain political factors to be considered. The Round-Table Conference, composed of broad-minded Englishmen and

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moderate Indians, managed to agree on certain principles. But when it comes to getting Hindus and Moslems, Anglo-Indians and the followers of Gandhi to coöperate, that is not so easy. Perhaps Mr. Churchill's views about India are archaic, but they may turn out to be politically useful.

JUST AS THE United States returned the Boxer Indemnity to China in the form of scholarships to America, so the British—a generation later, to be sure, but animated by the same spirit of enlightened self-interest—will hand back to China eleven million pounds that are still owed on the same account with the provision that a large proportion of the money shall be spent purchasing railway equipment from English concerns. Dr. L. von Ungern-Sternberg, Shanghai correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, detects in this action a deliberate and intelligent policy of conciliation:—

> The new policy of understanding is the result of political and economic considerations. In view of the critical situation in India, England cannot well afford to fall out of favor with four hundred million more Asiatics and have a second Asiatic revolution to contend with, and an extension of Bolshevist power in Asia is even less desirable. Bolshevism in the Far East is not only dangerous to the structure of the British Empire, but its by-product, Red imperialism, seems to the British to bear a fatal resemblance to the tendency toward eastward expansion that existed in Russia at the time of the Tsar. England must therefore endeavor to support any government in China that is anti-Bolshevist. There is no doubt that this attitude of England's, which the United States really does support, has encouraged both Nanking and Mukden to show hostility to Moscow.

The same correspondent then goes on to enumerate some of England's interests in China itself, which include the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, the largest financial institution in the country, and a group of coal mines in northern China that yield one quarter of the country's entire coal output. It has also become to the interest of the Nanking and Mukden Governments to encourage the British, because Russia and Japan are more dangerous. The Russians are fomenting Communist uprisings against the present régimes in both China and Manchuria and the Turksib Railway is bringing Sinkiang, the largest Chinese province, into the Russian field of economic influence. As for Japan, it maintains its foothold on Asiatic soil in the form of the South Manchuria Railway. Furthermore, even if the British were to attempt a more positive Far Eastern policy, they would receive only a boycott for their pains.

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Six months ago Hitler looked like a flash in the pan—now his growing prestige has become an outstanding menace to the peace of Europe. This New-Year message of his gives one side of his character; an angry but informed compatriot presents the other.

HITLER As He Is

Subjective and Objective Views

I. Germany, Awake!

By Adolf Hitler

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich National Socialist Daily

THE ELEVENTH fighting year led by the National Socialist movement is at an end. An obscure group of seven individuals has become a party of eight million. Only a few of us know what work this formidable progress represents and how many sacrifices. Destiny has spared us nothing and nothing has come to us without bitterness. For eleven years our movement has progressed from one danger to another. One day we are assailed by hatred and the next we are turned to derision. One day we are condemned, the next greeted with silence or else with lies and calumnies. We are suppressed only to come to life again and surge forward each year stronger and more courageous than we were the year before.

The National Socialist movement has created in Germany a spiritual focal point. If to-day, at the period of our deepest abasement, millions of men, sustained by our faith, raise their heads proudly, it is because they see before their eyes the symbol that our eagle clutches in its claws; the swastika cross dominates the Soviet hammer and sickle.

Time was when Jewish Bolshevism and the enemies of the nation reigned supreme in the press, in public life, and in the Reichstag. The German worker,

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despised by the middle class, fell a hopeless prey to the Marxians, who deceive the people. To-day there are eight million men behind pure German thought, men who represent a most magnificently organized party. National fanaticism marches to do battle with the Marxian criminals. What was mocked at yesterday is respected to-day, and all this, my partisans, both men and women, is our work, your work.

The results attained are immense and the sacrifices have been no less so. Thousands upon thousands of our storm troops and police detachments have been wounded, many killed. Under the pitiful eyes of bourgeois politicians the inexpiable blood of young Germans whose only crime is faith in their nation is flowing away. They resist all the poisonous forces of laziness, despair, and negation that are conspiring against the German soul. To all who have fought and bled in our battles we can only offer thanks in the form of this assurance: 'You have marched for the nation and for the German Fatherland. We shall continue to march for the nation and for the Fatherland, now, to-morrow, and forever, true to the Fatherland as long as the Lord gives us life. We shall always serve the standard that we have chosen for our symbol. The emblem of the Reich which is to come has enveloped you, you whom a bitter destiny has separated from us. At the final hour when destiny will call us in our turn we too shall wish to have no other standard than that of the revival of Germany. That is our flag and our banner.'

Our movement is commencing its twelfth fighting year. We are all persuaded that the cycle of German passion will be completed in this year. We all know that liberty as a free gift does not exist. Happiness and tears have always gone together and only he who has suffered can experience supreme joy. The National Socialist movement is engaging in a difficult combat, perhaps the most difficult it has ever encountered since it was established. The enemy, full of hate, will use every means to combat our victory. Blind Germans will continue to come to their aid. But this will not prevent our gaining the victory to which we are entitled. What our adversaries hope for will not occur.

AT the beginning of the new year, I address three prayers to our partisans, members of our storm troops and police detachments, as well as to our men and women comrades.

First. Form yourselves into an indissoluble community in pursuing the combat against our adversaries. Do not forget those who fall in battle. Always believe in your companions, never in your adversaries. Raise this belief to the height of a profound conviction not only of the rights of each individual but of the rights of our nation in this world. Constitute for yourselves a force that will not only move mountains but break chains.

Second. It is possible or even probable that this twelfth year will demand from you still more sacrifices than the years that have gone before. Well and good. Take care not to render vain in this twelfth year the sacrifices you have made in the eleven preceding years. Remember the War. Our people resisted the whole world for four years and a half only to renounce victory at the last moment and to lose

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everything. Never forget that the battle for the liberty of a nation knows but one limit: death.

Third and last. Men of the National Socialist movement, political leaders, leaders of troops, comrades in our detachments, here is my third prayer.

A thousand times over, in your meetings and assemblies, in your addresses and proclamations, you have approved of me. Promise me obedience and fidelity. To-day at the turn of the year, I make a demand upon you for the first time. Remain faithfully behind me. I do not demand of you anything illegal, anything that will put your conscience in conflict with the law, but I pray you to follow me in the path the law authorizes me to pursue, the path that my thoughts and my conscience indicate to me. In short, follow me faithfully by linking your destiny to mine.

Men of the National Socialist movement, I salute with you the arrival of the twelfth year of our effort in behalf of the life and the future of the German nation. I salute it with you and, as I do so, shout the appeal that we sounded the day our efforts began and that indicates not only the aim but the reward of our progress, 'Germany, awake!'

II. Handsome Adolf

By Weigand von Miltenburg

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

HITLER is now playing the rôle of dictator in his primitive way. He has begun by emphasizing certain personal peculiarities and utterly grotesque details. In the party headquarters at Munich he conducts a reign of terror. Whenever he appears in his office commotion and uproar break loose. The pettiest trivialities throw him into a frenzy. He raves and rages. He berates his assistants. One day he got so angry that he boxed the ears of the two guards who stand at his door. His temperament is a source of terror and everyone feels relief when he goes away for a few days, which happens often.

Adolf Hitler has a nine-room house on the Prinzregentenplatz, where he lives with a married couple who are really his cook and servant. Here he receives his more favored visitors in handsome, elegantly decorated rooms. His personal way of life has long been luxurious, and he is surrounded by every comfort. Besides his spacious city quarters, where his bedroom is fitted out in the most elegant taste and where his dressing table is covered with the most charming variety of perfume bottles, Hitler owns a country house where he spends his week-ends, traveling there in one of his three automobiles.

Hitler's whole manner proves that he is a true *arriviste*. With gruff commands he endeavors to conceal the uncertainty that lurks within him and he believes that he can only make an impression by a loud, autocratic bearing. Toward his inferiors he acts with unbridled arrogance. Every one of his many poses and gestures looks as if it had been studied out before the mir-

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ror and even his bursts of rage appear theatrical.

Hitler's desire is and always has been to become the German Mussolini. In his speeches he copies the Italian dictator, whose picture stands on his writing desk and whose outer manner he copies in every detail. He even imitates the romantic way Mussolini raises his hand in salute. An intensive and not very pleasing personal cult has grown up about Hitler, the party leader, not without his consent. Before he appears at any public meeting flowers are presented to him and his picture is hawked everywhere. Loud speakers and advertisements proclaim his dictatorial fame and a whole body of flattering literature has grown up about him.

When Herr von Kahr was summoned to be general state commissar of Bavaria in 1913, his first act as legal dictator was to forbid twenty National Socialist meetings that were supposed to take place in Munich that evening to mark the beginning of a *coup d'état*. Hitler's rage on this occasion knew no bounds, for he had always assumed that Kahr would play into his hands. A messenger was therefore sent from party headquarters to the general state commissar, begging him with threats and prayers to raise the ban on the meetings. After an hour the emissary returned to party headquarters and reported his sad message to Hitler. Kahr had refused to give way and had explained that he would open fire if the National Socialists resorted to force.

Up to this moment Hitler had hoped that he could speak to the crowds that evening. When he received this news he first kept silent for a few seconds and then fell into a kind of fit. He ran up and down the room, tearing his hair and shouting, 'Kahr is a traitor, a criminal. I am Scipio and he is Marius. I'll destroy him, annihilate him, the lying, perjuring Marius. This evening we shall march and perhaps I shall be killed by hostile bullets. Whoever dares to set himself up against me, I destroy.' The attack lasted nearly an hour. Threats, pseudo-historic tirades, and sadistic outbursts followed one another in rapid succession. At last, when Hitler was finally persuaded by his staff that all resistance was useless, he collapsed and began to weep. A few minutes later he rallied himself together somewhat and began dictating a sharp, demagogic, and by no means stupid message to his followers, informing them that permits for the meetings had been refused.

This scene, which was reported to us by an eyewitness, reveals the man. Hitler is an unbalanced, temperamental actor, an easily excited neurasthenic who is overwhelmed by events of the moment. He lacks the capacity for real leadership and the ability to come to a decision at the right time. In 1923, he struck inopportunely in Munich and some of his followers have asserted that he lacked decisive qualities during the elections of last September. Hitler is incapable of carrying out a firm decision with cool conviction. Like William II he cannot bear the truth and dislikes anyone who tells it to him. He lacks the real politician's perception of realities but he often uses demagogic expressions with effect. Paraphrasing an expression that was once applied to General Boulanger, one might say of Hitler and of his whole movement, 'A banner need not do much thinking.'

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The late Lord Curzon's son-in-law outlines what England's future policy should be. Not only is Sir Oswald believed to be Mr. MacDonald's logical heir, but his abilities have gained him followers outside the Labor Party.

A NEW National Policy

By SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

From the *Week-end Review*
London Conservative Weekly

THE NEW YEAR opens with the usual bewilderment of parties and politicians, even less effectively concealed than usual by the customary facile and fatuous prophecies of early and effortless trade recovery. For the first time the new year finds possibly a majority of the nation believing that normal and automatic recovery will not occur, and that abnormal action of some character is necessary to meet an abnormal situation which in the absence of such action will degenerate into catastrophe. This fact marks a great advance, for effort can never be made without preliminary realization that effort is necessary. Hitherto that belief has been lacking, and its absence has been responsible for the extraordinary paralysis of the national will during the last decade.

The country has been dominated by the wish to return with the minimum of effort to the conditions of 1914, and by the belief that such a reversion was practical politics. That wish and that belief have directed the practice, if not the theory, of every government for ten years past. At last the futility of a view which was accepted without any serious economic analysis has been recognized under the relentless pressure of economic facts. Even less than a year ago the philosophy of effort and a new approach was rejected as a panic doctrine of catastrophe. To-day it is widely accepted as a commonplace outside the immediate circle of political leadership. The real dividing line of British politics to-day lies between the acceptance or rejection of the view that the old basis of British trade has gone forever, and that a new basis must be built. This is

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the dividing line of principle, and all else are questions of detail in which an infinite variety of adjustment and variation is not only permissible, but inevitable.

Any man who has once held office is a fool if he binds himself to every detail of policy in advance of holding office again. He would be doubly a fool in the present situation, which almost daily changes and degenerates. Measures which might have been adequate six or eight months ago are inadequate to-day; measures which might be adequate to-day may well be inadequate six months hence, after another such period of helpless drift. It is only possible with honesty to state to-day our fundamental belief that a new basis of British industry must be discovered, together with the broad principles by which we believe the foundations can be laid. The detailed application of these principles must vary in accordance with the situation and the actual business propositions with which we are confronted.

Let us first examine the belief that a new basis of British industry must be created, and from that proceed to examine the principles by which it may be secured. British industry rested originally on a virtual monopoly of the world trade in manufactured goods. That trade, of course, was largely undermined by the development of competition, even before the War. The original monopoly has almost entirely vanished under the stress of post-war conditions and development. In the first place local industrialization has excluded our goods from many former markets; rightly or wrongly all nations seem determined to produce as large a proportion as possible of the goods which they consume, and are ensuring their local production by prohibitive tariff barriers. The Cobdenite dream of each nation's producing the goods it is best suited to produce and exchanging them for the corresponding products of other countries has vanished, like many other beautiful theories, under the cold touch of facts and of human perversity.

Also new competition from industries more recently equipped than our old industries, and strengthened, rather than weakened, by the circumstances of the War, is driving us from markets in which they have geographical and sentimental advantage. Some of these competitive countries with a small margin of export surplus are in a better position to cut prices in a struggle for markets than a country such as our own, with the abnormal margin of a 30 per cent export surplus. The new factor of great producers' organizations, often assisted by government finance, makes possible successful dumping against the isolated struggle of our individual industries in markets which they previously held without serious competition, until we are driven out forever. The new factor of mass production enables for the first time the unskilled and sweated labor of the Orient to compete successfully against the skilled labor of the West by the reduction of every process to a primitive simplicity. To crown all, the chaos of the world monetary system, with a falling and fluctuating price level, hits first and hardest the country with the largest responsiveness to world conditions, which must inevitably be the country most dependent upon export trade.

Yet in face of all these factors, and many others which can be developed

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and expanded with greater force in detailed analysis, it is still believed by the leaders of political thought that the pre-war basis of British trade, which was, in fact, something still approaching a monopoly in the export of manufactured goods, can be restored to the point where such trade will absorb over 2,000,000 unemployed. The proposition cannot sustain five minutes' analysis, but it has dominated the policy of every government for the last decade.

IF, then, we accept the contrary proposition,—that the old basis can not be restored, and that in face of new and adverse factors the position of this country will decline to catastrophe, or at the best to the impotence of a third-rate power,—what effect does the acceptance of such a view have on the current philosophies of the great parties of the state? The Labor leadership stands in theory for the gradual transformation of society from a capitalist to a socialist basis. It believes that it can proceed 'step by step' in the transfer of industry from a private to a public basis, until the socialist commonwealth is reached. It admits this is a very lengthy process, for it denounces as hasty and reckless the doctrine of 'Socialism in Our Time,' whose leading spokesman has estimated that the process will take only twenty-five years. What then becomes of this philosophy if our hypothesis of a fairly rapid decline into catastrophe is correct? Long before the promised land is reached, even before the first few steps are taken, there will be no country left to govern, whether on a socialist or a capitalist basis. Even the 'Socialist in Our Time,' with his twenty-five years' delay, will be toiling far behind the march of economic events. Only the mad Communist faith in revolution following economic collapse will remain standing to wade cheerfully to its objective of the Soviet state through the blood and starvation of a disintegrated society.

What other effect can any rapid degeneration of the present situation have upon the present philosophies of the left? What has the right to offer when we turn to the Conservatism of Mr. Baldwin, with his doctrine of noninterference and 'leave well alone'; with his deeply rooted philosophy of governmental lethargy? If the words of Conservative spokesmen have any meaning they reject the national planning of a new industrial basis as the unjustified interference of government in functions with which it has no concern. Energy, activity, planning in a government to meet a national emergency are, to official Conservatism, sins against the economic creed upon which their party has been built.

Even more is such a policy a sin against the very ark of Liberalism. *Laissez-faire* of the Manchester school and the active intervention of strong government are a contradiction in terms. It is true that individual economists and politicians of great distinction in the ranks of Liberalism have been prominent in urging the necessity of national planning, and have made great contributions to that conception, but their creed is as remote from that of the official party as the policy of the present writer is remote from that of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

So it comes to this: if we accept the view that the immediate action of government is necessary to plan and

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to create the conditions in which modern industry can operate, we are divided deeply from the official view of the older parties. By the acceptance of that belief we create a new philosophy, the broad principles of which can and must be explained, but the details of which, like all dynamic forces, must be kept flexible and adaptable to the realities of whatever situation it confronts.

THE economic principles on which reconstruction should rest proceed naturally from the brief analysis of the economic situation outlined above. If it be impossible to solve the unemployment problem merely by an expansion of the export trade, it follows that the home market is the main, if not the only, hope of industrial recovery. In recognizing that fact we do not reject any effort to assist the export trade, which should be aided by every form of reorganization, on the simple principle of finding markets wherever they are available in the present stress. But recognition of adverse factors militating against any great expansion of our export trade must surely divert our attention to the home market, and must form the decision to defend that market, which is relatively under our own control, from the world factors which are now hitting our export trade in every foreign market.

For the defense of the home market the Conservative Party, as usual, has a nineteenth-century remedy to meet a twentieth-century situation. A crude and universal tariff is their panacea—'when in doubt put a tax on everything.' We take the view that a complex situation is not quite so simple as that. In the first place it is very doubtful whether protection for the employer without protection for the worker or consumer would ever be acceptable to this country. In the second place, even if such policy were temporarily accepted it would have little prospect of stability, as the clash of industrial and class interests would bring it to an end at the following election; and the plight of industries protected for a short period and then exposed again is worse than that of industries never protected at all. In the third place, the simple tariff weapon is utterly ineffective to meet modern world conditions over a large and important area of industry, notably agriculture. No one has yet explained how the tariff weapon, for example, would be effective to protect the British farmer from recent fluctuations in the price of wheat. In politics, as in economics, the simple nineteenth-century panacea of universal tariffs appears to us to be impracticable and futile. A system must be devised which affords scientific shelter to British industry in the home market but also reconciles the conflicting national interests involved in the transaction.

From this necessity arose the conception of the Commodity Board for that sphere of industry where the method of the Import Control Board cannot be applied so rapidly and effectively as in the case of agriculture. It is a machinery by which organized industry and the national interests involved can regulate their own conditions within an area defined by the Government. In the protection of any industry, not only the interests of the industry protected will be consulted, but also the interests of industries

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affected and also general consumers' interests. Representation on the Commodity Board will be extended to employers and workers in industries using the article as well as to workers and employers of industries producing the article. Instead of a prize thrown to the manufacturer this machine will create a scientific system of shelter which will balance the various national interests involved. Tests as to efficiency and price could, and would, be applied by such an organization. Protection would not be afforded to industries which could not meet foreign competition on efficiency grounds. The disparity of foreign wages or organized dumping below the cost of production would justify protection, but not a disparity of prices which was due to inefficient organization, equipment, and methods at home.

A further word must be said on export trade, as much misunderstanding of our position has arisen in this connection. It is agreed that it is necessary as far as possible to extend and to develop our export trade, but it is recognized that factors over which we have no control are likely to increase our difficulties in foreign markets. The latter consideration, however, applies with less force to Dominions and colonies, where we have influence, if not control. Already some 45 per cent of our export trade goes to such countries, and it should be possible by Commonwealth planning and reorganization largely to insulate this rapidly expanding market, as well as the home market, from the shocks of world conditions.

If such policy proved practical a large and nearly self-contained area of the globe would be extricated from present world chaos. A factor in favor of the success of such a policy is the natural balance of trade existing between Dominions and colonies, which are primarily agricultural or producers of raw materials, and this country, which is primarily industrial. Here are the elements which should, and could, be blended into something approaching an economic unit largely independent of world factors. It is not suggested that in order to attain this end we should abruptly break relations with other nations which to-day give us reciprocal advantages, and which might be induced to extend them. But it is suggested that national planning in Britain would seek to divert the purchases of this country from nations which buy little or nothing in return to countries such as the Dominions, which buy much from us in return.

It is not suggested, either, that the Dominions will be disposed to suppress existing industries in our favor, but it is suggested that economic organization within the Commonwealth on the lines of the Economic Report of the Trade-Union Congress might to a large extent plan and allocate by agreement future development and production between the component parts of the Empire. At any rate, a real attempt should be made to secure a large and expanding proportion of our export trade, as well as the home market, from world influences which to-day jeopardize both markets.

IT IS objected that such a plan 'pits the Empire against the world and jeopardizes the settled peace which is essential for the prosperity it aims at,' and, further, that 'it removes all hope of Britain's taking the lead in rational-

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izing the dangerously anarchic world order.' We believe that the exact reverse will be the case and fail to see why the process of putting our own house in order should prevent us from assisting in putting the world house in order. The work of world pacification and economic reorganization could and should be pursued at Geneva and elsewhere coincidently with British reorganization. At present we are helpless supplicants at international conferences, begging other nations to save us by adopting the elementary principles of economic sanity. By force of example and material position we should occupy not a weaker but a stronger position to secure world pacification after some reorganization within our own area of the globe.

Why should it be held that large-scale economic organization is a menace to peace, when all experience points to the contrary? In industrial matters the arrival of strongly organized trade unionism and employers' federations has made possible rational and organized negotiation to replace sporadic dispute and warfare. The arrival of the big merger in business eliminates cutthroat competition and makes possible rational arrangement and allocation with corresponding large-scale organization. The alternative to such organization is the simple continuance of anarchy.

Why should the replacement of anarchy by organization be a threat to peace? On the contrary, such preliminary organization on a national basis brings nearer the ultimate organization of world peace and economic sanity. It is true that the misuse of such organization, like the misuse of all power, may be a danger. But from the same premises it might be argued that steamrollers should not be used because in addition to building roads they could be used by lunatics to knock down houses. On the same grounds it can be contended that aëroplanes should be suppressed and laboratories destroyed.

One further criticism remains to be answered. It is suggested that we are wrong to propose some suspension of the Sinking Fund, 'because effort is the very essence of the Mosley plan'; although it is admitted that 'in attempting to repay our war debt at the present rate the nation is undeniably making a prodigious effort.' It is true that effort is the essence of our plan, but it should be effort that uses every ounce of the national energy in the right direction. We want the effort and sacrifice of an athlete in training, not the meaningless asceticism of an Indian fakir undertaking a long-period fast which ends in physical emaciation. Why should we cripple the effort of this generation to secure industrial recovery by a premature attempt to repay the bondholder at a price level which means in many cases that he is repaid in bonds worth nearly double those which he lent? The nation will require every ounce of its financial strength for industrial reconstruction, and its vitality should not be sacrificed to financial pedantry.

Industrial reconstruction on a basis fundamentally new; the creation of a new psychology of politics and a new idea of government; a young, renascent, and resurgent Britain rising from the dust and ashes of the post-war period—these are the objectives of the modern mind and the challenge to the old order. The time cannot be far distant when all must declare themselves for or against.

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A French observer well equipped with tact, humor, and logic dissects the League of Nations by going straight to the representatives of the various member states at Geneva. The result is a political treatise for 1931 expressed in human—all too human—terms.

Overheard *in* GENEVA

By PAUL HAURIGOT

Translated from *Candide*
Paris Literary and Political Weekly

I WAS WELL received in Geneva by representatives of every country, to whom I truly said, 'I am coming to look about me. I am coming to get information. I want to form some conclusions.' Many doors were opened to me and I forced myself through others. I talked with many individuals, most of them officials. Geneva is the only city in the world where one could make such a huge investigation, feeling the pulse of world opinion. I saw professors, stenographers, scholars, editors, sensible people, people like myself. I met such official characters as Sir Eric Drummond, secretary general of the League; and Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Office.

When people asked me, 'Why did n't you come to Geneva while the Assembly was in session? You would have seen much more important people and a much more picturesque spectacle,' I replied, 'But I do not want to hear the operatics; I want to measure how much permanent work has been done, discover what results have been achieved, and know what to think of the men who have achieved them. That is why I am attacking the Secretariat first of all.'

It is perhaps well to explain in a few words the importance of the Secretariat. The Covenant of the League of Nations states in Article II that 'the action of the League . . . shall be effected through the instrumentality of an Assembly and of a Council, with a permanent Secretariat.' The As-

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sembly, except in unusual cases, meets once a year in September. The Council meets as many times as circumstances demand, generally four times a year. The Secretariat is the only permanent body.

Its secretary general, Sir Eric Drummond, who can convoke the League Council in case of need, is aided by a personnel of more than five hundred officials, headed at the moment by a Frenchman, M. Avenol, and three undersecretary generals, one German, one Italian, and one Japanese. All of these are named by the secretary general with the approval of the League Council.

The first visit I paid was to a high French official. We chatted a few moments and my interlocutor seemed delighted at my idea of observing the League from the inside. 'You will report all the work that has been accomplished.'

'Do you believe that the League will be able to prevent war?'

A moment of silence followed. My interlocutor offered me a cigarette and then began speaking carefully and gently. I was evidently dealing with the best type of Frenchman, a fine, cultivated, well-informed, enthusiastic man whom I at once found more than sympathetic. 'Would the war of 1914 have broken out if there had been two months in which explanations could have been made? My soul and conscience are persuaded that there would have been no war. Treaties are so important and Germany's greatest error was the violation of Belgian neutrality. Now we have many more engagements. Secret treaties no longer exist, since no treaty holds good unless it is communicated to the League of Nations and published by the League.'

'Then you see no obstacle in the way of French disarmament?'

Another silence. So far his tone had been that of a man full of faith, but now he replied in another voice. 'It is as if I were building a bridge which I believed to be solid. Does that mean I should settle down on it and live there with my wife and children? What a responsibility that would be! Disarmament will be achieved gradually.'

NOT long after I visited a Japanese official. He was sunk deep in his armchair with his legs crossed. The shadows made his kimono look even more ample than it really was and in the corner a luminous map of the world on oil paper reminded me of the phosphorescent fishes of his native country. All the members of the Secretariat whom I had met up to then had on their walls maps of those parts of the world which interested them particularly. Only the Japanese had a complete map. He offered me the customary cigarette with a little bow. I thought I was in the presence of a silent, reserved man from whom it would be very difficult to extract any words on how the League of Nations functions. But I was mistaken, for he spoke freely.

'Why didn't you come when the Assembly was in session? You would have been able to observe the statesmen, which would have been much more interesting than talking with us humble workers in a great cause. You would have understood how M. Briand's force lies in his perfect detachment, his philosophy, and his determination to resolve great problems. He spoke so charmingly to M.

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Titulescu, who takes the problem of Hungarian optants very seriously. "But Titu, you are getting excited, and, believe me, it is a very small question."

'You would have admired the academic, measured distinction of Dr. Curtius. Probably he is not a great minister, but he is a good foreign minister and he will remain in office in spite of what people say. He has none of that astonishing duality of my friend Stresemann, who was so supple in the lobbies and who represented the great German nation so ardently when he mounted the speaker's platform. Henderson has not been very successful. He is a good fellow but a little simple. Chamberlain had profound qualities, although he was a trifle schoolmasterish toward smaller countries. Henderson has a way of his own of appreciating the theories of experts and economists. "If I understood them, if what they say could come out of my mouth, it would be good politics," he told me.'

'What do you think of M. Briand's European union?'

'It seems to me like a pretty flower in the desert. Reality does not change; we can change only the names of things. Instead of diminishing the importance of the League of Nations by creating a competing institution, I believe that we should bend all our efforts to making it easy for the United States to join the League. In any event, Japanese opinion would not understand why the League should be a purely European affair. We should be very much shaken. The United States is already in the framework of the League. It is here that we shall be able to discuss matters most usefully with the Americans.'

'How about relations between the United States and Japan?'

'They are much better. There is no danger of war from the American side, for their frontier is too extensive. But if you persevere in your projected European union you will throw us into their arms. The Americans are growing less proud now that they have come out of their shell, for, all in all, they need us. They bear quite a resemblance to the Chinese.'

'To the Chinese?'

'Yes, in both countries the people are laborious and courageous, but they are infested with brigands. The difference is that in the United States the brigands are called senators.'

My Japanese friend laughed quietly and then I asked his opinion about Germany.

'The underlying reason why the German elections turned out as they did is economic. The distress in Germany is caused by the American crisis, which is after all a world-wide question. Furthermore, I do not believe that French capitalists should hastily withdraw financial support from Germany. Quite the contrary. There is no danger of war from the German side. The Machiavellian Italians are simply spreading rumors of war for their own personal advantage. For my part, I agree with my friend, Marshal Pilsudski, that we have nothing to fear from democratic Germany. Only a Germany working behind a great man would be dangerous, and I don't see any great men in Germany, or anywhere else; for there seems to be a shortage of great statesmen. That is the curse of modern England, while the lack of pre-war statesmen such as you have in France constitutes a real danger for Germany.

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The young Germans are too extreme. In France young people would like to be extremists, too, but they don't want to hurt their parents' feelings. In Germany, on the other hand, the barriers between the generations are stronger, and German youth represents a dangerous element.'

'Do you think that Geneva would be able to stop a war?'

My interlocutor did not reply in a precise fashion, but rubbed his hands together. 'In any event, we shall know two months in advance that it is going to break out. The League of Nations offers incontestable advantages. If it did not exist it would have to be invented. It is the only place where the foreign ministers of two powers that are on bad terms can meet freely, dine together, and iron things out without fear of national opinion. As far as Japan is concerned, the League will permit us to harmonize Asia.' As the Japanese uttered this last sentence he raised his eyes to heaven and then led me to the door.

When I described this interview to a French friend at Geneva, his comments were rather bitter. 'He complains about the European union, yet it is Japan that is forcing it on us. Japan reaps all the advantages of the League. Thanks to the League, the Japanese can take part in arbitrating European affairs, which is what they have always wanted to do. Small countries, believing that the Japanese are independent, keep asking them to act as arbiter. But every time we try to make the Japanese participate in some common effort, they reply, "Impossible. These measures may suit European countries, but Japan finds herself faced with special problems you cannot appreciate. We are not like other countries." Then, too, the Japanese delegations here are ruinously expensive. Geneva is a school for their diplomats and statesmen, and Japan alone sends us more attachés, assistant attachés, and subassistant attachés than all the other countries put together.' I left my friend more than ever convinced that the national spirit still holds first place in Geneva but I resolved to wait until I had talked with a Chinese before forming any opinion of the importance of the League in Asia.

EVER since the first day I arrived, I was most eager to meet a German, but the man whom I finally visited did not actually belong to the Secretariat. During the first part of our conversation he seemed debonair. He was fat and short and spoke French as well as I. He offered me coffee, cakes, and a cigar and began talking before I could ask him anything. This was not the first time such a thing had happened to me. On the whole, people in Geneva have a great deal to say.

'So you have come to examine the League Secretariat. Well, you are going to discover an illusion.'

'What illusion?'

'The Secretariat is really a Franco-English enterprise, not an international institution at all. Think for a moment what it consists of. When it was established it did not include Russia and the United States, which of course are not yet members, or Germany. Its methods, its mentality, its structure, its labors took shape before Germany entered.'

'But how about the neutral powers?'

'You have chosen good neutrals and

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you have done it skillfully, which is quite natural.'

'But the South Americans?'

'Generally, their ministers in Paris represent them in Geneva. They are not going to put themselves at odds with the French, on whom their career depends. And remember that the only Hungarian in the Secretariat is a bookkeeper and that there is no Bulgarian or Austrian in its service.'

'But you have a German undersecretary general, Herr Dufour-Feronce, and there are Germans in every section.'

'But remember, the men who hold these offices were chosen at the insistence of the allies. Dufour-Feronce has spent his whole career in London. No, Germany entered the League of Nations by way of Locarno, by the back door, and she made a mistake.'

'But now that Germany occupies a permanent seat on the League Council, don't you think that she will work with a good will toward international coöperation?'

'Germany cannot look upon the League of Nations in the same spirit that other countries do. It makes the same impression on us that the Place de la Concorde made on you before the War, when the statues of Alsace and Lorraine were veiled on holidays. What questions is the League dealing with now? The Saar valley, colonial mandates, Danzig, Memel. But these are serious personal affairs for us.'

'I don't understand your bitterness. It is better for the League to occupy itself with these questions than for nobody to occupy itself with them.'

'I don't know how it might have been for us, but it would certainly have been better for the League if Danzig had been annexed to Poland. The great error of the treaty that made Danzig a free city is that nothing was settled. It would have been better to take anything away from us, to make us pay any amount, provided matters were liquidated. But, instead, the Saar valley is complaining, Danzig is complaining, and our young people do not understand why regiments can parade publicly in Bern but not in Berlin.'

'Certainly, but who is responsible for all this?'

My interlocutor rose to his feet, not letting me finish my sentence. His face grew red. 'Sir, you are too young to have fought in the War. You speak of it as if it were an historical event. But, for men of my age, a dead body lies between France and Germany.'

'A dead body?'

'The question of responsibility for the War. All Germany is convinced that the War was an Anglo-Franco-Russian conspiracy, and a hundred and six of the deputies chosen at the last elections proclaim that Germany was not defeated.'

'That seems paradoxical.'

'And so it is. See where our wretched peace treaties have brought us. There was no need of discussing war guilt at that time. Such a thing never happened before in history. What was needed was liquidation, and, since it was not achieved then, we are being obliged to accomplish it to-day, at the cost of much trouble. Some of the clauses of the Versailles Treaty are so absurd that no one could ever have dreamed of applying them.'

'You mean the question of war guilt?'

'Obviously.' My German friend sat down and I was stupefied at having provoked such an explosion, so re-

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mote from the subject we were discussing, simply by mentioning the word 'responsibility.' Yet this man is certainly considered very moderate in his native country. He has occupied diplomatic posts and married a Belgian. He then continued talking more calmly.

'So you do not believe in the usefulness of the League of Nations?' I asked.

'In its present form, certainly not. I know the argument you have heard: at least we get together and discuss. Do you believe that talking more about national interests makes them any less sharp? Bismarck was a very pro-French Prussian ambassador in Paris before 1870. He saw Frenchmen every day. Napoleon III swore by him. Yet war came and the French themselves are now beginning to say that Napoleon's followers wanted it, although such a view was not popular in 1871. One has to fight a new war before one can be frank about responsibility for the last one.'

My German walked back to town with me and I noticed that his cane was made of two parts. 'Is that a sword cane?' I asked.

In reply he told me this symbolic story. 'You remind me of the time M. de Jouvenel asked me the same question, adding, "There's a good example of Germany's simulated disarmament." By way of reply I pulled out of my cane not a sword but a poor umbrella, saying to him, "There's the eternal distrust of the French for you."' Suiting the gesture to the word, my friend extracted his umbrella, sheltering me under it, for it was beginning to rain.

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Sir Robert Horne was Chancellor of the British Exchequer just before Baldwin went to America to settle the war debt. That the settlement was more than fair is the point of this article.

The Truth *about* the War Debts

By Sir Robert Horne

From the *Sunday Times*
London Conservative Sunday Paper

DURING the last week there have been many loose and inaccurate statements with regard to the settlement of the American debt. It has been represented that Mr. Baldwin, through his unskillful negotiations, saddled this country with a burden of payment under which we are groaning and struggling, and which is one of the important causes of the depression.

You would suppose that—and I find a large number of ordinarily well-informed people believe it—we make this heavy payment year by year to America without receiving compensation from any other quarter. There could be no more gross misrepresentation. The truth is that what we pay to America, in fulfillment of the settlement which resulted from Mr. Baldwin's visit, is compensated to us by what we are receiving from our debtors on the Continent of Europe. The sums vary slightly from year to year; at the present time we are receiving rather more than we pay, in other years we shall receive rather less. By and large the payments and receipts balance.

This state of things is the result of the plan enunciated in the Balfour Note, that famous state paper which was issued in 1922 when Lord Balfour was acting foreign secretary. In it we announced to our debtors that the policy favored by Great Britain was that of a complete cancellation of all war debts. We said that, so far as we were concerned, if America would cancel the debt owed by us to her, we would forgo all the war debts owing to us, including the reparations owed by Germany. We further stated, however, that America was requiring us to pay our debt; that we could not be the only persons to pay, and that we must

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look to our debtors to meet their obligations to us, but to the extent only of the payment that we should be compelled to make to America.

The principle of the Balfour Note, it will be seen, has been strictly followed. Mr. Baldwin, in January 1923, laid in America the foundations of a settlement which was ultimately adopted by the British Cabinet, although with great reluctance on the part of Mr. Bonar Law. Under that arrangement we are at present paying £33,000,000 a year to America. This will rise in a year or two to £37,000,000. Following upon that agreement, the various settlements that we have made with our debtors have been based upon the principle of securing such sums from them as, together with the amount that we obtain in reparations from Germany, will balance our payments to the United States.

There is only one other matter which requires explanation. We did not succeed in making this arrangement with our debtors before we began to make our payments to America. There was accordingly an interval in which we received no compensation for the remittances which we were making. The amount, therefore, which accumulated to the debit of our debtors during that period formed the item in the bill which Mr. Snowden rendered on our behalf at the Hague Conference in the summer of 1929. It was taken into account in the settlement which was then reached.

I will now turn to the allegation—although in view of what I have said it becomes almost irrelevant—that Mr. Baldwin could by more skillful negotiations have obtained better terms at Washington. It has always seemed to me that this legend has been very largely fostered by the reluctance of many Americans to accept the suggestion that their government insisted upon what some Americans themselves regard as rather a harsh treatment. Some of the people to whom I refer will readily express their regret that America did not forgo the debts which were owing to her as the result of the War. The suggestion that their debt-funding commission would have been prepared to make the situation easier for us had Mr. Baldwin only been sufficiently insistent is greedily taken advantage of as an explanation of a position of which some Americans are slightly ashamed. Accordingly, the theory has grown, and by frequent repetition has acquired a lodgment in the minds of many British people. It has, however, no foundation in fact.

THE official reports which came to this country during 1922 made it perfectly plain that America regarded Britain as the only solvent debtor, and that, whatever she might be prepared to do for the Continental countries, which she regarded as hopelessly impoverished, she would expect us to fulfill our obligations. It is true that the general conditions of business would have been better had a complete cancellation of debts been made by America in accordance with the main suggestion of the Balfour Note. Apart from this consideration, however, it is obvious that, so far as cash balances are concerned, we are in exactly the same position as if the debts with which we were concerned had been wiped out.

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The 4¼ per cent which Congress enjoined the debt-funding commission to charge was no imaginative figure. The American taxpayer was paying 5 per cent on the money which he had borrowed by means of Liberty bonds. He did not see why the Britisher should get off for less. So far as my judgment of the situation is concerned, I feel certain that the United States, taken as a whole, was not in a mood to grant us better terms than those which Mr. Baldwin obtained. The telegram which I, together with Lord Burnham and Sir Auckland Geddes, sent to Mr. Bonar Law (to the effect that no further concessions from the United States were likely to be obtained) is evidence of the strong conviction which I held on the matter.

In the dissension at that time between Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin all my prejudices went with Mr. Bonar Law. I had known him intimately for the greater part of my life, and he had done me many great kindnesses. Moreover, I relied upon his judgment in such a matter more than upon that of any other man. But the conditions which I found in America were such as could not be burked.

Our judgment may have been faulty, but, if anyone feels inclined to doubt the conclusions at which we arrived, let him consider the situation which we find even to-day. There were in 1922 a number of people on the eastern seaboard of America, chiefly bankers and men doing an international trade, who would have liked to see the payments owing to America reduced to the lowest possible figure, or even canceled. As the years have progressed and experience has shown the embarrassing effects on world trade caused by the existence of great blocks of national debts, the number of doubters in America has grown and spread from the seaboard over wide districts of the Commonwealth.

The farmers may be said to have been almost converted to the cancellation of the debt, or, at least, they have been very ready to accept the view that the payments which the United States exacts from Britain and the continent of Europe have had a serious effect in reducing the purchases of American wheat. The conditions to-day are, therefore, far more favorable to some remission's being granted than they have been at any previous period.

What, however, are the facts? What impression does this growing body of opinion have upon the American Administration? Only a few weeks ago a number of distinguished Americans, prominent in the business of their country, went in deputation to their Treasury and made a strong case for modifying the debt payment which America was exacting from Europe. The issue was presented in all its aspects, and supported by most powerful arguments. The answer of the Government was, however, clear and unambiguous.

On behalf of the Treasury there was read to the deputation a carefully prepared statement which reviewed the entire position. It ended with the determined assertion that no change in the present American policy in regard to this matter was contemplated or possible. Let no one imagine that the debt-funding commission in 1922 was in any way more amiable or generous than is the American Executive to-day.

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Things are looking up in Russia. A Communist critic gets such a kick out of Hamilton Fish, Jr., that he returns it in kind. Much more substantial is the account of Soviet monetary policy written by a Moscow correspondent who has lived in Russia eleven years.

RUSSIA Turns *a* Corner

By Two Moscow Correspondents

I. America, Russia, and Hamilton Fish

Translated from the *Moskauer Rundschau*, Moscow German-Language Communist Daily

FRANKLY now, hadn't we all formed a sufficiently clear mental picture of the immortal Babbitt in his relation to world politics not to be surprised by the appearance he now makes in all his Philistine splendor in the form of the report of the Fish Commission? Should n't we have expected just this degree of narrow-mindedness combined with arrogance, just this much ignorance impregnated with vanity? Why should we be surprised?

Nor should we wonder that America, which still remains the richest capitalist country in the world, in spite of the great economic crisis, can still afford enormous extravagances of this nature. In the old Russia the sons of rich merchants, mere sons of their fathers, knowing nothing and understanding nothing, were famous for the way they would get drunk and fight their own reflections in the mirror or parade about with their faces smeared with expensive caviare, looking like some kind of negro. Thus it is no mere chance that the American Representative, Hamilton Fish, is likewise the son of a merchant. As the heir to millions, young Fish is free to disport himself in the murky waters of world politics, and since he is a rather crazy kind of 'fish,' whose idea of Europe is about the same as that which prevailed in America before the

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Great War, his political games are quite remarkably stupid and brutal.

Of course, each of us can be happy only in his own fashion, and if we were ever to interfere in the domestic affairs of America we should want to tell the sons of American millionaires and their papas how they should amuse themselves. But now we can only beg Mr. Babbitt-Fish, as politely as possible, to act like a sensible grown man when he attempts to disturb the Soviet Union. Having seen bigger and more dangerous Bolshevik-eaters before he came along, we are tempted to exclaim, almost with an air of pleasure, 'Who goes there?'

There is no denying that the Soviet Union and the United States of America are the two greatest powers in the world to-day, the two powers that play the decisive parts of pole and counterpole. One country is the classic home of modern capitalism in its full, final phase; the other is the land of socialism. Now some time must pass before the great collapse which will mark the end of the capitalist world occurs and only ignoramuses and numbskulls can assert that the two countries have nothing to offer each other. Our feverishly pulsing economic life clearly indicates that there are hardly two other countries so well informed about each other as the United States and the Soviet Union. Is it mere chance that there are more journalists in Moscow from America than from any other foreign country? So many cables would not be sent if we did not want to know about each other, for, as Heine has said, one does not write fully if one wants to break off relations.

The economic contacts between the two countries are continually growing closer, though they are hampered by lack of political support. The extensive Soviet territories are swarming with American engineers and machinery, and our rising generation of technicians swears by American methods, only, of course, in a technical sense. Is it not, therefore, paradoxical that when an American commission attempts to study American-Soviet relations, it produces nothing better than the perverted report of the Fish Commission? The discrepancy between real American-Soviet relations and the childish invective of the Fish Commission is so enormous that hardly any danger can come of it.

We already realize that American observers are amazed at the cool complacency with which the Fish Report was received in the Soviet Union and many of these observers have muttered something about unrequited love. But there can be no talk of love between a proletarian state and an immensely capitalistic state like America. We know the truth about what kind of paradise America is, where in the shadow of splendid skyscrapers millions of unemployed wander about the streets, lashed by hunger, while their 'lucky' brothers working in capitalist enterprises suffer the horrors of capitalist rationalization. Nor do we share the American conviction that the American capitalist régime is eternally unalterable, for we know that the social revolution is coming to America just as surely as the 'amen' comes in a church service. But this revolution will be the creation of American workers, for revolutions are not contagious diseases that can be transmitted through wood, manganese, naphtha, and other raw materials. We also understand that capital-

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ist goods are not impregnated with capitalist doctrines, and because we are intellectually mature we have no maidenly doubts about buying tractors and other 'capitalist' machinery. And, finally, we know that ledgers cannot be replaced by Bibles or by philosophy handbooks.

Because we realize all these things we have long since acknowledged the fact that we represent a credit entry in the American ledger. We are not to be despised as customers in the U. S. A. and we shall become a constantly more valued customer as we continue building up our own economic system. We do not belong to the poverty-stricken children of Europe and do not need to wait in the antechamber of our American uncle. We are buyers and sellers and if we are sent dishonest price lists written in impudent, childish handwriting, we shall simply place our orders elsewhere, and we believe that America is not in a position to play such pranks, to the delight of its competitors.

The report of the Fish Commission is really a powerful plea in favor of reëstablishing diplomatic relations between the two countries. It refutes all the anti-Soviet tales of atrocities and attempts only to gain a cheap revenge on the Communist movement in America. Ah, my little Babbitt, from what old European political picture books did you extract your wisdom?

II. Russia's Middle Class Revives

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE execution of the Five-Year Plan again enters a new phase. It is not that the idea is to be abandoned. The plan will continue to be pushed through at the same rate of speed. All that will happen is that the structure of the plan will be temporarily altered and that the economic forces will be rearranged. In the course of this year, the so-called 'light industries,' that is to say, the industries providing consumers' wares, will again be given chief attention. A few months ago the authorities seemed to be quite unconcerned by the currency question and had apparently again decided to let the chervonetz sink to nothing. There was an inner logic to this attitude. When the government stores closed their doors and the people were cared for by state distribution centres, the money in the hands of the most politically important part of the population, the working class, became mere claims to goods, mere 'labor certificates.' Even if the currency had become completely worthless, the working class would have been virtually unaffected.

For the point is not how much money the worker receives or how much this money may be worth; the only question is how many goods are allotted him. Through factory distribution centres workers are paid in goods and not in money. The inflation is therefore merely an additional tax levied on the rest of the population for the benefit of the state and the workers.

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Nevertheless, an important campaign has been launched to prove that the Soviet Union is not suffering from inflation. Theories proclaiming that the natural development of socialism necessarily involves the elimination of money are branded as superradical nonsense and attempts are made to explain the situation by comparing the amount of money in circulation with the amount of goods exchanged and the number of the population. And, indeed, one must admit that the Russian inflation has arisen from different causes from the post-war inflation in Europe. The reason for the depreciation of money does not lie in an undue emission of paper money but in the relative lack of goods, a lack that is intensified by the fact that in Soviet Russia members of the middle class have nothing to do with their money but purchase commodities. At the same time, as a result of the industrialization process, almost all the money in the country has been handed over to the people in the form of wages. The state transfers goods almost entirely without the use of money, and raw materials are not sold by one state enterprise to another, as the government claims, but are simply 'assigned' without any monetary exchange.

It is therefore a mistake to attempt to draw a comparison between the amount of money in circulation and the total amount of goods produced. To get a true picture of the economic condition of the country, one must compare the total amount of money with the total amount of *consumers'* goods. The concentration of all the money in circulation in the hands of the consumers of economic goods has led to rapid currency depreciation.

A few simple examples will illustrate my point. A kilogramme of butter costs the most privileged members of society, the workers, 3.60 rubles in the factory distribution centres. In the free state market this butter costs eighteen rubles, and in the private peasant market, twenty-five rubles. The worker can buy a pair of shoes for fifteen or twenty rubles. In the state enterprises outside the factory, which also sell only to certain individuals, shoes of slightly better quality cost seventy-five rubles, and a private shoemaker charges one hundred and fifty to two hundred rubles. This comparison shows that official prices do not represent the real economic situation.

AS I have pointed out, the depreciation of the currency has affected the worker but little. None the less, energetic measures are being taken to stabilize the currency. This is being done by retention of wages, delay in cashing checks, limitation of note issues, and efforts to decrease the circulation of money by restricting cash transactions. In addition to these negative measures, more goods are being thrown on the market. Throughout Moscow quantities of state stores are again being opened in which one can buy everything one wants at two to three times the official price. The prices in these stores consequently stand about halfway between the prices in the factory and the prices on the free market. A popular joke is now current that, since a private business man trying to make private profits is called a speculator, the state businesses must be state speculators.

With the opening of these new

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state shops a condition of affairs that has long existed is now definitely admitted. The buying power of money varies with the social status of the buyer. The price level for the worker, who can secure from his factory store everything that he needs, is about twice as high as in 1913. Clerks, who can buy some of their cheaper goods on ration cards but who must also resort to the state speculators, have to pay six or seven times the 1913 prices; the free professions have to pay ten times as much as they would have paid in 1913; while those who are deprived of citizenship have to pay prices twenty times as high as those of 1913.

None the less, the attempt to stabilize the currency by opening up state stores possesses great political significance. It is also a friendly gesture toward the intellectuals and the clerks, who are now faring better than they used to. For the prices in the new shops are lower than the prices in the private market and a greater variety of wares is offered for sale. The salaries received by these groups now represent real values, and are no longer useless money with which they can buy nothing. This change is due to the recent trial of the engineers, which revealed the profound and extensive ill treatment that has been accorded the intellectuals and the clerks, who are, nevertheless, important to the state. But there are also political considerations. The political stability of the Soviet class state depends on economic privileges for the worker and on the exploitation of all other classes for the benefit of the working-class minority.

The depreciation of the chervonetz naturally affected all classes of city dwellers except the workers, on whom, of course, the state lavishes special care, and it was thus a means of favoring one group of city dwellers at the expense of all others. Now new methods are being used and those who were injured by the depreciation are profiting from the stabilization. Yet the damage remains; it is simply being regulated by the way cheap goods are being apportioned. Inevitably, every change of method has affected social relationships, and the social and political development of the Soviet Union can be measured only on a relative basis. The Soviet state will retain its unique character only as long as the workers are favored over the rest of the population, and it is significant that each time new fighting methods are adopted the difference between the workers and the rest of the populace decreases. To-day, two years after the Five-Year Plan was started, the worker is forced to bear part of the burden of construction. When a few more similar economic changes have occurred, economic equality among all groups will be achieved. As far as one can tell, this process will end in complete collectivization.

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Persons and Personages

Mussolini at Work

By Dr. Sven von Müller

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE FASCIST LEADER does not grant many interviews. He served long enough as a journalist to know that cautious interviews are generally boring and he has been a statesman long enough to realize that amusing interviews are dangerous. Thus he is not eager to receive the colleagues of his youth.

But the reasons why the doors of the Palazzo Venezia were opened to a representative of the *Vossische Zeitung* are only partly flattering. In promoting German interests the *Vossische Zeitung* has always emphasized the necessity of remaining aloof from the Franco-Italian conflict and has respected the strong position of our western neighbor. This attitude has caused considerable displeasure in Rome. But the high importance attached to the political views of the *Vossische Zeitung* and the zeal that Italian officials, including even Mussolini himself, have shown in attempting to awaken our sympathy for the Fascist cause are distinctly flattering.

The Fascist citizens of Rome shudder as they pass the mighty walls of the big palace that Mussolini now occupies. The public sees him but seldom. He has recognized the popularity of invisibility and has ungrudgingly allowed his underlings to bask in the official spotlight.

Fascist militia stand guard at the door of this palace. A porter dressed in silver-embellished livery inspects you with the keen eye of a detective. You then climb a long flight of stairs up to a substantial iron grille. Here two servants receive you and accompany you to a salon hung with ill-assorted copies of old masters. A few minutes later another servant announces that His Excellency bids his guest to enter.

This servant then leads the way through two more rooms to a big marble reception chamber. In the farthest corner of this vast room Mussolini is working behind a big writing desk. Two chairs stand in front of this desk, but the rest of the room is empty. During the half-minute walk it takes to get there the splendors of the scene are supposed to work their effects.

A quite unfamiliar Mussolini rises from behind his writing desk. He is not the sunburned, energy-radiating hero of the Fascist illustrated press but a rather less than middle-sized, somewhat overworked man with a

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pale face and sparse gray hair, dressed in a cutaway that makes him look like the learned occupant of a professorial chair in some university. He has a towering forehead, dark, intent eyes, full lips, and a heavy, energetic chin. He receives with the reserved manner of a man of the world.

Mussolini speaks German easily and proves to be extraordinarily well posted. He hardly ever has to search for the right word and only when he is thrown back on French does he underline his statements with lively Roman gestures. But he is certainly not the kind of man who lets his speech run ahead of his thought. In confidential talk he never answers embarrassing questions without first candidly taking time for brief reflection. He then throws his head back, closes his left eye as if that helped him to concentrate still more closely, and makes his reply in carefully chosen words.

IT IS extraordinary how frankly he discusses delicate questions of Italian domestic policy. To judge from what he told me, he attaches little importance to the anti-Fascist tendencies in his own country. He believes that only an insignificant number of arrests have been made, and I must confess that my own observations gave me the impression that Italy is quite serene.

But he seems to be much more alarmed by the underground activities of Italian *émigrés* in France, who not only are damaging the Italian Government with their false reports of violence and their exaggerated pictures of the economic crisis, but are also making relations between Paris and Rome more tense. I was surprised at how gloomy a view Mussolini took of his country's foreign relations. He sees Italy being threatened by the French military hegemony and doubly endangered by the warlike preparations of Yugoslavia, which are being made possible by French gold. I did not get the impression that, with his keen understanding of the present dangerous situation, he is likely to misjudge the present balance of forces. Nevertheless, he seems to see no way to smooth out the violent conflicts by diplomatic negotiation.

Unquestionably, he is eating his heart out over the political results of Italy's participation in the War. It is this that explains his familiar hostility to the saturated victorious powers, France and England, who, he believes, liquidated the War in such a way that the young states of Europe profited at the expense of Italy's national interests. It is not without historic tragedy that Mussolini, having lent his suggestive power to arouse enthusiasm for the War among the Italian laboring class, is now reaping the harvest of his intervention policy.

As he was developing this idea to me, he forgot for just a moment the

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reserve of the politician and spoke with the natural passion of his temperament, but he quickly recognized that he was getting excited and cut his speech short with a wave of the hand. Without any further preparation he plunged into a discussion of German problems.

Mussolini is following the National Socialist movement in Germany with the greatest interest. He has read Hitler's book and regularly reads Hitler's Munich newspaper, but has not yet been able to form a picture of Hitler, the man. He is also familiar with the provocative figure of Goebbels and recognizes how skillfully that man is working on the masses. He is especially interested in Captain Goehring, whom he does not know personally, but from whom he expects great things. He feels, however, that it is high time for the National Socialists to step before the public with a programme of government, which is something quite different from a party programme. But what Mussolini hopes for above all else from the National Socialists he did not mention—a permanent ill effect on Franco-German relations.

When our conversation ended the Duce did not take the time-consuming politeness to accompany his visitor across his huge room to the door. One may envy Mussolini for many things but not for the place where he works. This lofty chamber of marble would be well suited to a political dreamer who let his fantastic theories fly like eagles in the air, but Mussolini works hard at everyday politics. If he sometimes addresses the masses with high-sounding words on questions of foreign policy, he is consciously giving them a stimulating injection which is dangerous only because in Fascist Italy the ordinary safety valves of domestic policies are all choked. This is something one should always remember when the other Mussolini, not the one that I talked with, alarms and excites the crowd.

Henri Fauconnier, Goncourt Prize Winner, 1930

By Jacques Chardonne

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

HENRI FAUCONNIER has always been my friend. Both of us were born at Barbezieux in Charente and passed our childhood in that little town. Since then life has put distances between us but has never separated us. I do not know which of us will tell about our childhood but it will be a book replete with passion, adventure, and marvels. One cannot but pity children who were not brought up in a little town.

I shall say nothing about our early years. They were much too long. But when Fauconnier was, I believe, fourteen years old he wanted to provide his town with a literary journal, the *Loufoque*. We thought that

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the first of January would be a propitious date to begin, but since it was a holiday the man who was to sell our papers got drunk and, being too fatigued to sell copies to passers-by, he threw them in the street like advertisements. In order to pay our printer we established a theatre. Nevertheless, Fauconnier pursued his studies at the College of Barbezieux. The professors were ignorant but devout men and highly picturesque. Having received his bachelor's degree, Fauconnier then took a law degree at Bordeaux. His uncle, who was in the cognac business in Barbezieux, saved a position for him at his office. But the little town had given the young man a soul that was too big for its narrow confines. It no longer offered the liberty and pleasures it used to hold forth. It became cramped and severe.

An article on the plantations in the Malay States revealed Fauconnier's destiny to him and he departed for the Far East. In those days it was not fashionable to go away like this, for ideas were not popular in little towns.

He landed at Singapore and got himself a job with an English planter. They were beginning to cultivate rubber at the time but there were none of the big plantations in the Malay Peninsula or in Sumatra such as one sees to-day with bungalows, hospitals, automobiles, tennis courts, and all the other resources Australia offers. Fauconnier lived in a little shed built on high poles. Its floor was made of laths that were so flexible no furniture could stand up and he commanded without the aid of any interpreter two hundred coolies whom he also served as doctor and judge and who could not imagine that anyone was unable to understand them. Later he obtained a concession of virgin forest on the banks of the Sclangor River and together with two French friends formed a company to grow rubber which was called the Fauconnier and Posth Plantations. To-day these plantations cover 7,500 acres.

Being a planter in Malaysia means something more than cultivating land reclaimed from jungles and swamps. It chiefly involves knowing how to retain on one's territory the highly susceptible native workers. To win the attachment of these complicated people one must first understand, in other words, love them, which Fauconnier does. He admires the Malay people, for they are refined, and he does not believe that the white man's first duty is to educate the native. Quite the contrary, we can educate ourselves by contact with natives. Close association between European and other races should be accomplished by comprehension and friendship. This, however, is only possible between superior Europeans and upper-class natives.

A strange force of gentleness and peace, a fascinating and almost magical spirituality emanates from Fauconnier's personality, for he is the most silent man I have ever seen. It is this perspicacious and active

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spirituality that has charmed those who have known him, that has made him so successful as a planter and virtually fashioned his life. It is this same spirituality that breathes through the whole length of his book, each word of which reveals the purity of his mind and the simplicity, delicacy, and heroism of his heart.

I CANNOT say whether Fauconnier left France as a youth with a view to making his fortune, but I am positive that he set forth to find the atmosphere most suited to his temperament and to the books he was going to write. At once, however, he became wrapped up in mere activity. Life nourishes the writer yet smothers him beneath its attacks and caresses. An artist always lives dangerously and the most exposed artist is the man who gives himself over to action. Action is not adventure. Action is disciplined, persistent, creative; whereas adventure is nothing but slackness and childishness.

I have just reread the letters Fauconnier wrote me in 1913. He had then been ten years in Malaysia and, having mulled over in his mind the real reasons that led him to the East, he was beginning to feel his chains. He compared himself to nations under arms who have enslaved themselves in order to preserve their liberty, a metaphor he was soon to understand more fully.

But action did not keep Fauconnier away from his real occupation for any great length of time. What distracted him was the joy of living. As a child he knew how to play and always loved the pleasures of life—painting, music, and sunshine. A solitary man, he was always on good terms with life. He loved it, not with that blind attachment of active men which often conceals despair, but with a kind of innocence and ecstasy. In Malaysia he was in paradise.

The War recalled him to France. He became a machine gunner, then a liaison agent at the front, where he passed four years as a simple soldier without once being wounded. But he felt remorse for the splendid life that lay behind him. If he were to die without having written his book about joy and the jungle, if he did not preserve anything that he had experienced, he felt that his life would be nothing but an adventure. After the War he had to return to Malaysia, for the War had devastated even the Tropics, and a plantation in the Far East is a most fragile thing. Our enterprises never come of age; whether they are sick or exuberantly healthy they are always calling to us. We have created them and we must do their pleasure.

At this point the rubber age developed. Vast plantations were opened up in Sumatra and Indo-China, and Fauconnier was much in demand as an adviser. His brother, Charles, headed one of the largest concessions

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in Indo-China and Fauconnier returned to Europe. He now lives at Radès near Tunis, where he dwells in a great Arab house by the sea opposite Carthage, surrounded by a garden of orange trees and flowers. It is there that he wrote *Malaisie*, which has just won the Goncourt Prize, and it is there that he will write the sequel.

He writes both fast and slowly. His style, which I consider one of the best in French literature, does not cost him any great pains. But he only writes in good weather and when he himself is perfectly tranquil and happy, and in our climate these conditions do not exist every day. At Radès he is just learning that he has won the Goncourt Prize and he will not receive this news without some disquietude. The Goncourt Academy is once a year privileged to throw a great spotlight on some one book, which is fortunately not always a good one. Other powers are capable of making the sun rise over good and bad books alike. There is the publisher, who, depending on his taste and resources, is either disposed or indisposed to push a certain work. There are authors whose contacts are more or less useful. There are critics who are not always qualified to pronounce judgments quite so loudly as they do. And there is the public, ever an easy prey to epidemics.

This play of light and shade makes literature animated and creates any number of injustices that pass over too quickly to do any real harm. To-morrow the book that was glittering only a moment ago will be resting side by side with the book that no one ever read in that equitable, noiseless obscurity where all books live or perish.

H. R. H.—England's Ambassador

From the *Review of Reviews*, London Current-Affairs Monthly

'OUR royal "Drummer"': thus does the *Star* describe with pride His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who left England on January 15 for the Argentine, where he is to open the British Industry Exhibition in Buenos Aires on March 14. The press combines with enthusiasm to acknowledge the good work the Prince is doing to foster British trade, not only by such a visit abroad as this, but by his consistent activity at home to encourage the development and extension of British industry.

At a meeting at the Guildhall in November, the Prince spoke with energy of the opportunities for the development of foreign trade that await this country in the markets of the world, ending his speech with the cry, addressed to the nation at large, 'Wake up, England.' The *Star* moves from the general to furnish a particular example of the material results accruing to trade from the Prince's visits abroad. After describing

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him as 'the greatest commercial traveler of all time,' a writer in the *Star* goes on:—

'One example of the practical value the Prince's visit may have comes to me from a friend in the paper trade. The printers who are engaged in compiling a national souvenir of the Prince's visit to the Argentine have made arrangements for all material possible about his life and career. They are going further, however, and are going to print the Prince's life on British paper, and the order for it has just been received.'

The Prince, the *Daily Telegraph* informs us, takes with an intense seriousness such a task as this visit to the Argentine. During the last few months, the Prince has applied himself to the study of Spanish, with such remarkable results that when in December he was the guest of honor at a dinner of the Argentine Club, he was able to address the members in their native language. A citizen of the Argentine Republic commented on the Prince's Spanish to the *Daily Telegraph* in the following terms:—

'His Royal Highness's Spanish is most excellent, and his fluency has astonished all of us. Considering that he has not lived in the country, and bearing in mind the short time that he has been studying the language, the progress that he has made is most remarkable. We were all surprised at the ease with which he changed swiftly from one language to the other. His ability will be immensely appreciated in the Argentine.'

BUSINESS, not as a drab, monotonous occupation, but as a zestful sport colored by adventure, is the Prince of Wales's vision. At a meeting of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association at the Guildhall, His Royal Highness showed how the modern crusader should go forth:—

'I should like for a minute to draw a parallel between salesmanship and sportsmanship. And when you come to think of it, the parallel is quite instructive. The sportsman needs love of adventure; he needs courage to undertake it and to face risks. He wants endurance to see the thing through, with philosophy to take every toss and to meet all setbacks without getting rattled or downhearted. He requires energy and initiative; quickness of judgment and action, however sudden and startling the emergency; good temper, however difficult and trying the bunker; patience and perseverance—all these manly qualifications he needs; and, above all, the spirit of the game that makes him always play it "on the square" and play it unselfishly, for the side and not for self. And, if he is riding across country, won't he be the better for close knowledge of it? And, if he is fishing a stream, won't he bring more fish to grass if he knows the pools than if he be strange to the water?

'Well, what single quality have I put into that catalogue that isn't

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essential to the salesman? Surely none. And are there not lessons from the parallel that leap to the mind? There is one at any rate that was especially emphasized by the committee's interim report—the value of knowledge of the country you are riding over. I cannot lay too much stress, from my observation and from all I have learned from others, upon the importance of heads of firms' and their export directors' constantly studying conditions for themselves on the spot, and establishing close personal contacts alike with customers and representatives and agents.

'I should particularly like, in connection with my approaching visit to South America—to which such kind reference has already been made—to express the earnest hope that the heads of the firms who are exhibiting at Buenos Aires will not only send out first-class men to take charge of their exhibits, but will go out themselves to the Argentine while the exhibition is on, see conditions as they are, and establish personal relations with the big buyers out there.'

Made active by this enthusiasm, and led by this energetic 'Royal Drummer,' British industry moves forward to recapture its lost trade, and to win once again the leading position it held in industry in the closing years of last century.

My Colleague Charlie Chaplin

By Adrian Wettach (Grock)

Translated from *Der Querschnitt*, Berlin Modernist Monthly

THE CLOWN is paid to make humanity laugh. The eccentric comedian, a product of our modern variety theatre, is paid to make people smile. It is more expensive, more artistic, more difficult to make people smile, because one cannot resort to drastic comic methods; one must gain one's effect by intensification of effort, by concentrated achievement. We clowns are serious when our work, our art, is at stake. We are serious when we train day by day, steeling our bodies, or, as in my case, learning to play all kinds of musical instruments. It is nothing but training and conditioning.

We are also serious when we fall in love, but that happens but seldom. In all other aspects we are clowns and are forever trying to become and remain good artists, even when we have gone into retirement. For, when we retire, we no longer work to make others smile but try to smile ourselves. We are a little lazy, a little easy-going, very Philistine. We artists, whom the Philistines regard as dangerous citizens, are much more Philistine and bourgeois than the Philistines themselves, and we are

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something more: we are serious, and in that respect we are not easy to imitate. Perhaps, too, we have achieved something. But my former colleague, Charlie Chaplin, had a different opinion. Would you like to hear me tell about it? Twice in my life I saw Chaplin laugh, and those were unique experiences. Twenty years intervened between them, a great expanse of time in the life of a creative artist.

Chaplin is seldom able to laugh or smile because he is always thinking of his work, always occupied with it. He, the greatest eccentric in the world, has remained true to his profession. He was and is an artist.

I came to know Chaplin through having met his brother, Sydney, in London. Sydney was then working in the pantomime of Fred Carno's *A Night in an English Music Hall.* He played the part of a drunkard, a rôle that brought him and the name of Chaplin great prestige. Sydney Chaplin is an original creative comedian on his own account.

SOME years later when I was touring in South America I found that *A Night in an English Music Hall* was playing at the same theatre in which I was to appear. The name of Chaplin was still included in the cast. Friendship between artists is rather peculiar. Often years pass before we find ourselves filling an engagement in the same country and the same city, years during which we have traveled all over the universe, yet remaining faithful to old friends and colleagues. I was delighted to get a chance to see Sydney again and to hear him tell stories of his youth, which was a joyless struggle against poverty and hunger.

I hastened to the music hall and asked for Chaplin. 'There he is,' someone said to me, 'standing over there.' I started with amazement. Surely that was not Sydney Chaplin, that little, insignificant fellow, so slender and so carelessly dressed. But the little fellow looked at me and then stepped forward. 'Grock,' he cried, 'Grock. My brother has told me about you so often. I am Charlie Chaplin.' Charlie had taken over the rôle that Sydney had played so successfully, for Sydney was touring somewhere else. What a contrast these two brothers offer. Sydney was always able to laugh and enjoy himself like a boy, whereas Charlie was always serious. We spent a whole month that winter performing in the same theatre. Charlie was always silent. Although the audience would thunder its applause every evening, he, unlike most humorists I have known, always wore his sad off-stage expression, looking as if he were weighed down with care and sorrow. Only once, and I remember it very clearly, did he become really excited. We were speaking in our common dressing room of the future and I was relating my plans. 'I want to become great and famous and to earn a lot of money.'

'You,' cried Chaplin, 'you? Not on your life. Have you ever heard of

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an artist's achieving a successful career? It happens very seldom, everything depends on luck, and you will never succeed by working hard any more than I shall.' Then he smiled, and this smile reminded me of a childhood experience. I once told my mother that I wanted to be richer than the richest man in the canton of Bern, and she gave me a spanking. Chaplin smiled and it hurt in just the same way.

Years passed. Chaplin had made the eccentric actor famous. He had taught people how to smile. He had made his own experiences living actualities which his audience felt that they were sharing and which brought them near to him, making them say to themselves, 'The same things might happen to us.' Again we met. Sydney had meanwhile called on me in London, but Charlie I met in America, where he said to me, 'Grock, you and I are not famous yet. In any case, we are not great yet. We must keep on working and fighting. If we ever do become great it will not be until we are old.' And he smiled again, though he was the greatest comedian, the greatest actor in the world, a millionaire and an owner of palaces. And if he hears now that I have decided to retire, he may say, 'Poor Grock,' perhaps meaning that I have achieved nothing and amounted to nothing.

Now I am going into the movies, too. I do not know what will come of it, and I wonder whether the one film that I am preparing in accordance with my own ideas and in which I am incorporating my own stage effects will succeed. I only hope that Chaplin sees this film, and if, after seeing it, he looks serious and does not smile, then I shall cease being a property holder in Oneglia and shall become 'Grock, the Film Star.' But it is not likely.

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Two French journalists take Berlin apart and see what makes it tick. Then comes Felix Salten, Austrian author of *Bambi*, describing sympathetically his recent visit to the German capital.

GERMANY Inside Out

French and Austrian Views

I. German Grotesque

By Jean Galtier-Boissière *and* Bernard Zimmer

Translated from *Le Crapouillot*, Paris Literary and Artistic Monthly

IT IS RAINING. Green taxis with a stripe painted around them on a level with their door handles move gently down the street. There are some fine private machines, too, mostly American. Not a single French automobile can be seen, and very few German cars, for the new Mercedes costs 55,000 marks. Not a soldier is in sight. Supple policemen manipulate their signals. There are no jams but traffic moves slowly.

The streets are no longer filled with those green spectres of 1920 who plaintively sold shoe laces or matches, derisively wearing battered military caps. To-day the sellers of shoe strings and matches who bump into us as we come out of the theatre are solid members of the unemployed, whom one usually dare not refuse. But the beggars in the Tiergarten remain perfect gentlemen, since they have two derby hats, one on their heads, the other in their hands for begging purposes. They request alms with detachment, as if they were asking the way somewhere. They are very intimidating people.

But there is nothing of this sort in the centre of Berlin. There is neither unemployment, poverty, nor any of that despair that all Germans, no matter what their class, political party, or religious denomination, keep complaining about. Work has such an attraction for Germans that even when they have no precise occupation

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they maintain the appearance and discipline of workers, hence the great number of busy pedestrians. The streets do not resemble those of Paris, which look as if all the fools in Christendom had been turned loose; they are like a parade where each man keeps his established place as if he had been assigned to it by number. One rarely encounters foreigners.

A bookstore extends through three different buildings as a café would in France. Little Berlin boys with their noses to the window have no curiosity left to satisfy. They know exactly how women are put together, for they are poring over twenty-five different nudist magazines. Strange looking bodies, yet real ones, assume poses that must congest youthful innocence. There are scaffoldings everywhere. The skyline is riddled with cranes, elevator shafts, and construction work. Advertisements announce that Berlin is becoming an international city like London and Paris, but the hotels, cafés, and restaurants are frequented only by Germans. In two weeks we did not hear a word of English.

It is hard getting used to the smell of cigar smoke in the morning. But all the hotel porters are magnificent looking fellows. The Brandenburger Tor lacks style and the Siegesallee, with its enormous statues, has finally irritated even the Berliners themselves. There are no numbered tickets at bus stops so that those who have waited longest can get a first chance at seats. Access to any public vehicle is conditioned by a tenacious sentiment of gallantry and a free exercise of the theory that might makes right.

On leaving the Gedächtniskirche I was given a printed statement that blasted my illusions. The word 'distress' kept recurring, also the words 'failure' and 'bankruptcy.' It was stated that Moscow was waiting for the fissure to open and that only a revision of the treaties could prevent the world from coming to an end. Faced with this complete declaration of failure, this apparently sincere proclamation of a general deficit, I was astonished to see so many fur coats, so many automobiles, and so many lovely ladies shopping in the stores. People told me that Germans who always used to live within their means are now living on credit. A word has been coined to express this state of affairs, '*stottern*,' meaning stammer. To stammer is to buy on the installment plan. As a girl in the subway said to me, 'I am unquestionably much richer than those pretty ladies you saw in the automobile because I have at least paid twenty-five pfennigs to get here.'

At first, I thought I should have to revise my ideas about unemployment, for it does not appear in the well-to-do quarters. But spend a little time near a labor office and you will see a much bigger crowd than those at the Christmas sales in the department stores, waiting for the official to stamp their unemployment cards. Indeed, there are thousands upon thousands of miserable, worthy, disciplined proletarians, both men and women, whose hungry eyes are dazzled by the swastika cross or the Soviet hammer and sickle.

FOR fifty years now, American publications have been depicting the Frenchman as a fellow with a beard and moustache, a swallow-tailed coat, and elastic-sided boots. In order to

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modify this traditional type of the 1880 Frenchman, one of our café singers, Maurice Chevalier, had to go to Hollywood and score a great triumph there. In France the traditional type of German has not varied from the caricatures we made of him in 1870. Is n't it perhaps time to rectify matters? The truth is that any Frenchman who knew Berlin before the War is stupefied by the astounding change of atmosphere. Formerly one saw nothing but military salutes, arrogant monocles, clicking heels, shining boots, pointed moustaches, and meek files of fat civilians. To-day there are no more uniforms, no more fat people.

Among the older people you can, of course, find some representative figures that quite correspond to the prewar days. But those under fifty no longer have the traditional German bearing. All mature men went through the War and all young men go in for sport. Since 1914 obesity has virtually disappeared because the War, and then the Revolution, made stomachs collapse along with the mark. The result is that it is almost impossible now to tell a young citizen of Berlin from a young North American or Scandinavian. The same thing is true of the women. Satirical French papers keep depicting massive German ladies with square faces, big hands, huge feet, and ugly great legs, and it is true that one meets in Berlin but few girls with delicate features and little hands. But in restaurants, theatres, and receptions the French visitor is agreeably surprised by the prettiness of the women. They have svelte lines, a style of beauty quite different from the Paris style, and beautiful shoulders, slender figures, lovely arms, and pretty legs; in a word, they bear no resemblance to the conventional type depicted in France.

After the Armistice, when the German army marched home in good order, there was no Fichte to utter a new discourse to the German nation, and, even if there had been, such a speech would have not been well received. Instead of this brutal, yet sincere voice, one heard philosophy professors whispering, 'The Occident is in agony. Europe is dying. All the shades of desperation are already haunting its shattered domain.'

And presently one kept meeting all through Berlin, on bridges, at the entrances of banks, at crowded street corners, the crouched, filthy figures of bearded old men, mendicant prophets who were beginning to hymn the new morality, to predict an era of emancipation, to preach the gospel that all life is beyond good and evil and that one word alone matters, 'deliverance.' A shattered, hungry nation was told that its ideas of responsibility and obligation were outworn. There were no more duties and no more rights. And there was indeed cause for anxiety. A doubtful asceticism warped the rules of life so that only the losers would profit. Oriental propaganda found excellent conditions for development. One must have known Germany at this period to realize how great an appeal the Orient exercises, because theatres, buildings, business, diet, drugs, music halls, movies, and circuses were dominated by Buddha.

One monument arose to all this folly, the School of Wisdom founded at Darmstadt by Count Hermann Keyserling and consecrated by Tagore, swathed in robes, who made a pontifical visit to start the affair going. The School of Wisdom, a Hindu semi-

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nary, transported the moral climate of Calcutta to the heart of Germany. The 'word of life' was distributed there by pedantic buffoons in the atmosphere of a philosophy class room, and ecstatic Germans, candid Americans, penitent Swedes, vegetarian athletes, nature enthusiasts, swarmed together.

Count Keyserling is not usually taken very seriously:—

> Als Gottes Atem leiser ging
> Schuf er den Graf von Keyserling.
>
> (When the breath of God grew faint
> He created Count Keyserling.)

A member of an old Baltic family, brought up in the Russian school at Bernau, Keyserling later became a student of geology at Geneva. He was wounded in a sabre duel, studied at Heidelberg, came to know the Wagner family and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. At twenty-three he succumbed to Paris. Later he established himself in Berlin, and in 1911 set out for India, returning to Prussia in 1914. This philosopher, although fit for military service, stayed at home during the War. In 1918, *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* appeared and soon afterward Keyserling founded the School of Wisdom. Some people consider him a joke, others a profound philosopher, but one has to read his book on Europe to get a clear idea of his character. In any event the School of Wisdom is nothing but a misty memory as far as modern Germany is concerned. The Orient is still a country from which dreams come, but Buddha no longer exerts any attraction.

THE German press differs from the French press because Berlin is not the capital of Germany in the sense in which Paris is the capital of France. In France, the Paris press extends its influence everywhere, though with less effect in the more remote districts. In Germany, on the other hand, the press is entirely provincial. In Berlin no one reads the Cologne newspapers any more than people in Munich read the Hamburg papers. No paper has a circulation to compare with that of our *Petit Parisien* with its 1,500,000 daily readers. It should be pointed out that the German newspapers with the largest circulations are given over to information rather than to political opinion. One of the best informed newspaper men in Berlin told me that Hitler, when he began his campaign, had only one small paper at his disposal, whereas Hugenberg owned the Scherl press of fourteen daily papers and reviews of every variety, yet even so Hitler was able to win a great quantity of Hugenberg's votes.

The Berlin press is composed of two parts, the Scherl and the Ullstein. The Scherl contemptuously refers to the Ullstein as the Jewish press and the Ullstein contemptuously refers to the Scherl as the press of Hugenberg and his clique. The Scherl press is established at the heart of Berlin and new quarters are being built for it. The Ullstein is established in the Tempelhof suburb and it has a proud American campanile 230 feet high, made of immense brick cubes that are reflected in the deep waters of the Teltow Canal. On top of the tower is a clock, the biggest in Germany, measuring twenty-seven feet in diameter.

We were taken to visit the printing presses and offices of the Scherl press. The director in chief, Dr. Fessmann,

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could not accompany us, but an engineer with a monocle, who was as thin and elegant as a naval officer, explained everything in perfect French. It seems that August Scherl had ideas and the ability to realize them. In 1883 he founded the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* and on the fourth of November of that year he distributed free 200,000 sample copies in Berlin. It was an immediate success. Soon the *Lokalanzeiger* had many brothers and many sisters: *Sport im Bild*, *Die Woche*, and others. In 1890 Scherl realized the importance that an illustrated daily paper might possess and in consequence the following periodicals appeared: *Der Tag*, *Die Gartenlaube*, the two *Wegweisers*, *Der Montag*, *Scherls Magazin*, *Die Berliner Nachtausgabe*, *Die Filmwelt*, *Das Echo*, and *Kinematograph*.

We set forth on our tour, passing through room after room, each one smelling differently, some of acid, others of grease, ink, fresh paper, or photographic ingredients. Although we were familiar with printing establishments, the size of this enterprise overwhelmed us. Finally, we pushed open a door after a long climb and found ourselves on a roof, with all Berlin at our feet. After being photographed we went down again to a little room that was quite empty, its walls being lined with panels that kept ticking and vibrating mysteriously. It was the automatic central telephone establishment. All communications pass through here, where they mechanically take their proper direction without any human aid. 'Clack,' announces a catastrophe. 'Clack, clack,' the result of the elections in Bavaria. 'Clack,' ten people dead in upper Silesia. We gazed with amazement at this mysterious impersonal activity and then went on to the archive room, where there are photographs of famous criminals, generals, novelists, statesmen, and boxers. Everything that anybody knows about cities, ships, Poincaré, or Carpentier is here somewhere. We mentioned a name, Émile Zola, and at once a folder labeled Émile Zola was brought to us. We asked about Guy de Maupassant and some facsimile pages of his writings were produced. 'We have the most complete archives in the world. Only those of the *Times* can compare with them.' Finally we departed and at the door our charming, thoughtful guides gave us each a great envelope containing a copy of all the newspapers and magazines of the Scherl press. In front of the building newsboys stood dressed in uniforms that made them look like policemen.

A FEW days later we received an announcement stating that the tour of inspection of the Ullstein press would start at ten o'clock promptly. We were not alone, but joined a group like so many Cook tourists. The new Ullstein printing establishment in Tempelhof near Berlin was built by Dr. Eugene Schmohl and is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of newspapers, magazines, and books. The editorial and circulation offices remain in the original quarters on the Kochstrasse. We received approximately the same explanations that had been given us at the Scherl press, only this time we were surrounded by young people eager for instruction and by technical experts who gave us real lectures. We were made to climb circular stairways that made us dizzy and got the impression of a much more

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modern organization. Everything was new, hugely conceived, and well carried out. The employees' faces varied. Jewish profiles appeared occasionally and one did not breathe that same air of blind devotion, of almost military respect, that pervaded the Scherl offices. All the foremen and managers seemed younger, more emancipated. What interested me even more than the workshops was the provision that had been made for the employees —the lunch rooms, model kitchens, bathrooms, music rooms, all of them looking more like a club than parts of a factory. For there are ten thousand employees at Tempelhof who cannot return to Berlin for midday lunch.

In the Ullstein establishment, you are given even more figures than in the Scherl press. It takes, for instance, 1,467 truck loads of paper to print a single issue of the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*. We were told that the Ullstein has 750,000 photographs and drawings in its archives, which we visited. But as we left we were not given copies of the eighteen newspapers and magazines produced by this house.

It seems that before the War the Ullstein establishment did not have its present democratic tone; nationalism, even chauvinism, were welcomed in the columns of its periodicals. The change is no cause for regret. But to-day good middle-class Germans look upon the Ullstein as a repository of evil. A review like the *Querschnitt*, which is pleasantly edited, illustrated, and presented, never makes its appearance on the table of a really fashionable dentist. The *Grüne Post*, a farm journal, will never dishonor a farmer's kitchen which a portrait of William II surveys with a menacing eye; and *Die Dame*, a fashion magazine, is read only by 'creatures,' as Ludendorff calls them. None the less, Ullstein seems to represent an equal and opposite force to the ultrareactionary spirit of the Scherl press.

An equal force? Wait a minute. The Scherl is reinforced by a very powerful organization known as *Die Telegraphen Union Internationalen Nachrichtendienst*, usually referred to as the 'T. U.' and created in 1913 as the result of a merger of the telegraphic bureau of Ludwig Hirsch and a number of small bureaus of the same character. The year 1913 was the worst date that could possibly have been chosen to develop an enterprise of this nature, for during the War there was no possibility of reporting news. The censorship interfered everywhere and the T. U. vegetated until Hugenberg got his hands on it and gave it certain definite objectives: first, the creation of a domestic network that would permit rapid communications between different newspapers; secondly, the creation of an army of correspondents in Germany and abroad; thirdly, the grouping of a number of capable editors who could do something more than wield a pair of scissors; and, fourthly, competition on equal terms with Wolff's Telegraph Bureau.

In the space of four years, from 1920 to 1924, these results were achieved. In 1924 the T. U. obtained a concession for a wireless sending station under the same conditions that Wolff's enjoys. From then on the struggle has continued on equal terms. Since 800 of the 1,600 newspapers in Germany receive their news exclusively from the T. U., Wolff's would seem to have

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been surpassed. I should point out, however, that these figures were furnished me by the director of the T. U., and the friends of the rival agency declared that Wolff's serves 1,300 publications as against 268 served by the T. U.

The T. U. founded the *Eildienst*, through which it gives information on the movement of the stock exchange directly by radio to business houses and banks, and it also controls most of the amusements sent out by wireless. It therefore maintains contact with newspapers, businesses, industries, banks, and individuals throughout Germany. And it is attempting still more. It is extending its news services to foreign countries, directly to German-speaking countries and indirectly to countries like England, Italy, France, and the United States.

The T. U. shouts from the roof tops that it is independent, independent of the German Republic, that is. In reality it is at Hugenberg's disposition like the Scherl and the Ufa film company. More than a thousand newspapers in the German provinces, not counting German-language newspapers abroad, receive orders from Hugenberg, whereas the Ullstein lies at the mercy of attacks by the excited followers of Hitler. Are the Scherl and the Ullstein working in opposite directions? Indeed they are. But are their forces equal? One doubts it.

THE name that represents the German theatre to most Frenchmen is that of Max Reinhardt. How many articles, pamphlets, and books have been devoted to this producer, for whose services America at one time victoriously disputed Germany? A genius at organization, he is in touch with every detail of the theatre and always leaves his mark, anticipating the public taste and cleverly detecting the pathway to success. He made his beginning as an actor in Baden, Austria, and then went to Vienna and Salzburg, and was later engaged by Otto Brahm in Berlin, where he became a favorite comedian. But the public kept wanting something new and Max Reinhardt started a kind of Montmartre cabaret. He attracted many customers and presently called his enterprise the Little Theatre, but he did not win serious attention until November 1902, when he staged a private production of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, which had been forbidden a public performance. This was the first application of his theory of paying as much attention to setting, decoration, music, and lighting as to the text. The young producer at once emerged as a rival of the old school, which had always considered the setting a mere accessory and attached chief importance to the lines.

At the Reinhardt Circus this innovator pushed his theories to their logical conclusion. He decided to found a public theatre on the Greek model and transformed the circus ring into a colossal stage, divided into three parts—back stage, front stage, and orchestra—which were connected by stairways. Thus the actors and audience were mingled, but, instead of having achieved a kind of communion, he merely destroyed the necessary illusion and soon met with the same failure that his imitator, Firmin Gémier, met with in the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris. But from 1920 onward people took Reinhardt seriously as a marvel-

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ous manager, a great director of crowds, though he was reproached for being interested only in ancient and foreign classics and it was said that he marked the end rather than the beginning of a dramatic epoch. He has now directed four theatres in Berlin for ten years, but his star is setting, and malicious gossip insinuates that if the critics have unanimously supported his recent productions they have done so simply to help him out of a difficult financial position.

Erwin Piscator, on the other hand, has transformed the serene air of the theatre into the noisy atmosphere of a public meeting. He has attracted snobs with his brutality and grouped about him an ardent, loyal public, full of hope. This singular young man has outraged the officials and even Reinhardt's disciples, whose productions give no evidence of great originality. A militant Communist, Piscator has put the stage at the service of his cause and has developed a political theatre with aggressive frankness. Moreover, if the German theatre follows any one tendency, it is certainly politico-social. Scholars see in this a repetition of the same tendency that occurred in the eighteenth century. The War and the subsequent revolution have simply reinforced this same tendency, and Erwin Piscator is its focal point. I expected to find him a fanatic wearing sandals, but I found him to be a soberly dressed young man, very polite and most sympathetic. Though an actor, he does not speak with any theatrical inflection, yet one feels that beneath his nonchalant, correct air he is devoured by violent thoughts.

Erwin Piscator received me in a wretched little theatre that he rents for two hundred marks a day. The celebrated *Piscatorbühne* has been installed here in the Wallnertheater, which was previously a local vaudeville house patronized by humble families. The day I went a play about miners entitled *Alle Tage vier* was being given, and the sombre lobbies were plastered with Communist posters and mining statistics showing comparative salaries, profits, taxes, and sickness and death rates. I had just bought Piscator's book, *The Political Theatre*.

'Yes,' says Piscator, 'the theatre in Germany has no character. We play anything, especially old pieces, without conviction. All our productions have the same indifference to the life about us. They are either farces, bedroom comedies, or sentimental histories. And the theatre itself is nothing like that.'

'What is it?'

'It is a firearm.'

Piscator says this gently, modestly, and then, looking me in the eye, he adds, 'Setting, actors, motion pictures, lighting, music. I gather all these means together, mix them up, and fire them at the public for all I am worth.'

'But how about the text?'

'Words must be used like bullets, too. Since I am manipulating the firearm, I control what it shoots.'

'So you choose the text?'

'Naturally. I wrote the text of *Soldat Schwejk* myself, following the novel. In *Rasputin* I kept only two scenes of the original play and added sixteen.'

'What do the authors say?'

'The authors ought to learn to pay attention to essentials. The theatre demands simple effects without com-

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plications, without psychology. Most authors don't know the public. The theatre must unroll from beginning to end, showing everything clearly in an elementary fashion. I shall not accept any more plays that are brought to me ready-made and finished. The development of such dramaturgy as I have in mind requires time. Meanwhile, we must fall back on plays whose texts we do not need to respect.'

ONE can hardly share Piscator's views of the theatre, but one must admit that he is making innovations with an intransigence, a tenacity, and a reforming faith that are truly amazing. His adversaries declare that only a Jew could show such destructive ardor and that Erwin Piscator is a Jew whose real name is Samuel Fischer. Piscator replies to these Prussian Lutherans by brandishing the commentaries on the New Testament that an ancestor of his, Johann Piscator, published in 1608. For Piscator is the son of a pastor and the descendant of a line of pastors. His father wanted the young man to follow in his footsteps. 'Mount a pulpit?' Piscator asked. 'Yes, indeed, but a very much more important pulpit.'

The theatre proved to be Piscator's vocation. Then came the War. 'It seemed to me incomprehensible that a whole generation which had steadily discoursed on freedom of spirit should suddenly yield to the universal vertigo and that the élite of Europe, armed with their fountain pens, should with rare exceptions rise like a single man in defense of "holy things" that up to then they had treated quite flippantly. By such inconsequent action this generation proclaimed its spiritual bankruptcy.'

Yet Piscator went to war as everyone else did and ended as an actor in a theatre on the front. When he was demobilized he and Georg Grosz joined the revolutionary Dada movement. He then became a member of the Spartacist Party and later a Communist. After having founded a theatre in Königsberg, he returned to Berlin, where with several friends he opened the Theatre of the Proletariat. His programme was: 'No art, only politics. Educate the proletariat and agitate.' Piscator is not one of those so-called *edel Kommunisten* (noble Communists). He has preserved all his stubborn faith. The middle-class public flocked to his performances, paying high prices for seats, and Piscator staged very expensive mechanical scenes, combining stage and film effects, using a moving platform, mixing up actors and marionettes, making his settings as complicated as possible, mobilizing masses, grouping his lights, stopping at no mechanical difficulty to obtain the most brutal novel effects, presenting on the stage such figures as William II and Karl Liebknecht's dead body, Trotski, Nicholas II, Marshal Foch, Douglas Haig, and Rasputin. In 1928 he put on an American war play, *What Price Glory?*, which met with great success. But finally he failed, having tried to build a theatre made entirely of glass.

'But haven't you been treated harshly by the kind of German who learns nothing and forgets nothing?'

'That happens every day. Do you want to see some of the press clippings I have been honored with?'

I then read as follows: 'Piscator incites to civil war.' (*Der Tag.*)

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'His machinery throws dead soldiers in the theatre. His only thought is revolution. His desire is to make the whole country decompose.' (*Deutsche Zeitung.*)

'Everything that is German and Christian, the Prussian uniform, past, and tradition, he drags in the mud. Potsdam, our great king, our generals, the men who fought in the War, our patriotic songs, and flags. Away with him! It is all filth!' (*Berliner Lokalanzeiger.*)

'With these people,' remarked Piscator, 'to liken anyone to me has become the supreme insult. Thus the *Lokalanzeiger* has described my friend, Georg Grosz, as the Piscator of the pencil. The truth is that these people are jealous. They say, "Here is a political theatre such as we too ought to have." ' Piscator smiled and as we parted he said to me gently, 'I should like to come to Paris and put on a spectacle there.'

'CONSIDER Hugenberg's career. You will recognize that he has always given proof of possessing wisdom and comprehension. He has the soul of a leader. Name any public man that can be compared to him, anyone who occupies such a powerful position and who has won such success.'

'I agree that his book, *Streiflichter*, contains passages that reveal him as a statesman, but I know only a little of his career.'

It is in these terms that the advocates of Hugenberg present their leader in a pamphlet which takes the form of a dialogue in which 'the average German' is finally convinced that the future of Germany depends on Hugenberg's getting into power. Hugenberg was born at Hanover on June 19, 1865. His father was adviser to the Treasury. At sixteen young Hugenberg manifested a violent love of nature, together with a certain interest in economics. 'Our forests form the reserve of the people's strength, the source of Central Europe's strength, the refuge of man in search of solitude. It is in the forest that one reflects on one's self and one's ancestry. It is in the forest that one recalls one's duty to the past and to the future. It is in the forest that one feels part of a larger whole.'

These words reveal Hugenberg as a disciple of Auguste Comte, and 'the average German' in the pamphlet in praise of him cries out with admiration, 'But he has the real conservative spirit.' At first attracted by literature and poetry when a student at Strasbourg, he later became a doctor of law and his thesis on the interior colonization of northwestern Germany was marked 'very good.' He then specialized in agricultural and economic questions and his first political accomplishment was the foundation in 1891 of the *Allgemeinen Deutschen Verband*, which became in 1894 the *Alldeutscher Verband*, or Pan-German League. As a member of the colonization commission in Posen, he was described by the head of that body as the 'best political head I have ever met.' He then became director of the Cassel branch of the Central Bank for Agriculture. In 1903 Hugenberg joined the ministry of finance and became a conspicuous character whose advice was widely sought and whose books carried authority.

An expert in administrative questions, especially those of a financial or agricultural nature, he came to the

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attention of the Emperor for his eminent services and in 1907 founded a new kind of bank, a mortgage bank to help along Eastern Prussia. In 1909 Krupp made him a director of his firm in Essen. The time passed here filled out Hugenberg's experience in industrial affairs and in commercial and social policy and put him on a firm basis of understanding with the Ruhr magnates. In 1912, the coal and steel cartel in the Rhineland and Westphalia chose him as director, an honor that was usually reserved only for the head of some steel mill or the proprietor of some mine. Finally, on December 31, 1918, Hugenberg abandoned his business connections to give himself over wholly to politics. What does his policy consist of? Here is an attempt to outline it.

As to foreign policy. First, Germany was not responsible for the War, not more so, in any case, than other nations, hence revision of the Versailles Treaty, which falsely accuses Germany of sole responsibility. Secondly, a fair redistribution of the costs of the War among all the nations that participated. Thirdly, a return to Germany of Silesia, Memel, and Malmedy, in view of the right of self-determination. As for Alsace and Lorraine, the inhabitants should be consulted. As for Austria, it should be free to decide whether it wishes the *Anschluss*. Fourthly, suppression of the Polish Corridor.

As to domestic policy. First, a protective tariff with particular consideration for agriculture. Secondly, return to decentralization and better treatment of the middle class. Thirdly, governmental house-cleaning and expurgation of all Marxian elements; limitation of the rights of the Reichstag so as to make the government a durable and healthy institution. Abolition of the present form of government. Fourthly, reëstablishment of a competitive system for functionaries and authorities. Fifthly, transformation of the educational books and pedagogic principles now being used. Exaltation of the German past. Reestablishment of the feeling of honor and morality through the cult of heroism and religion. Enrichment of personality, more liberty. Sixthly, a struggle conducted by a healthy press against the tendentious press that holds the people in ignorance and deceives them, in other words, continuation of the admirable work now being promoted by the Scherl press.

Hugenberg is unquestionably the most powerful man in Germany today.

DOES Germany, on the whole, detest France? Possibly, but it is a hatred with a good deal of affection in it. The Germans have always felt something more than admiration for Paris and for France. William II marched to war in a kind of amorous spite and there was the flavor of an excursion party in the slogan, '*Nach Paris*.'

Of course, Germany now contains a number of malcontents and a number of militarists, but are there not such people in every country? It is also true that the Germans have an essentially warlike character and a love, which is now declining, of uniforms. On the other hand, there is a very real pacifist party, composed largely of Social Democrats. There is also a sincere desire for understanding with France, running from the left-

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wing parties to the parties of the extreme right. But there is also this unanimous reservation: the peace treaties must be readjusted.

On one point, at least, the two nations agree: the French soldier and the German soldier were the two best in the War. The Germans, greatly surprised at being beaten, felt more esteem for the French. There also exists, as is always the case after any war, a fraternity of arms between the poor men who underwent the same sufferings under the same rain of steel, a kind of fraternity that noncombatants will never understand. Was not the ace of French aviators, Captain Fonck, received triumphantly in Berlin by a group of German pilots?

In 1920, a figure thin as a skeleton and dressed in a tattered uniform of gray stood in Berlin, waving the one arm he had left and singing to the passers-by:—

> Was ich bin und was ich habe
> Dank ich dir, lieb' Vaterland.
>
> (What I am and what I have,
> I thank thee for, dear Fatherland.)

In the same year, at the Madeleine subway entrance in Paris, a wounded war veteran, his torso wrapped in a flour sack, kept furiously beating a charge on a drum with sticks fastened to his mutilated arms. These two men and millions like them, all former combatants, would have been able at that time to upset everything and insist that the old politicians should no longer have any authority.

The unfortunate thing in our country was that our timid heroes let themselves be deceived. We have seen the same old frock-coated, bearded figures return to power, that evil generation that was too young to fight in 1870 and too old to fight in 1914, that could not prepare for the last War, that could not avoid it or even foresee it. And this same generation, after the soldiers won their victory, has lost the peace because, now that twelve years have passed, it seems quite normal to talk of massacre again. It is a generation that hopes before it dies to see the next war.

In the lamentable state that Europe is in to-day, only a loyal exchange of opinions between the former combatants, no matter what parties they belong to, the former combatants of the two great countries that arbitrate the European situation, will be able to insure real peace.

II. Blighted Berlin

By Felix Salten

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

EARLY in the morning friends come to call, genuine, intelligent Berliners, and at once we ask them, 'How goes it?' They reply with a smile, 'Organized pessimism'; but it is a rather bitter smile. Of course everything in modern Berlin seems to be organized, even opinions. Formerly the officers of William II organized things, and during the War a number of raging generals played the part of organizers. And now a host of Prussian and Bavarian military spirits are organizing the march to freedom.

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The fact is that this city has always been commanded, organized, and drilled. Every human group is influenced by its past, which gets into its blood and cannot easily be eliminated. On the soil of Brandenburg people have always lived out the precepts of their instructors, often with astonishing effects. Once upon a time the Hohenzollerns were in command, then came the Socialists, and now nobody knows what will happen. Not long ago there was hope that the intellectuals might be of service, but the intellectuals are as powerless now as they were under the Kaiser, and in some instances they have been frightened into deserting their cause.

Consider what has happened in Berlin during the past ten years. In 1920, after arriving on the express from Amsterdam, one walked through dark, dirty streets full of loose paper. There were no conveyances, no porters at that time. One gave one's luggage to wretched, pathetic-looking boys, whom one had to follow closely for fear they would abscond or else be robbed. Then came the inflation, the time when the police were twice as active as ever before, when Germany was ringing with shots fired now by Red soldiers, now by reactionary troops. Every other person on the station platform was a thief, and every third or fourth person a bold one. In order to carry as much money as would ordinarily go in a small purse, one needed to use a satchel, and one also had to make one's purchase quickly, because within an hour the whole load of paper might have sunk still lower in value.

Poor Berlin, those who loved you in the days of your harsh, unabashed efficiency would hardly have recognized you at that time. But then came years of apparent revival, of stock-market inflation, when Berlin was filled with airplanes, wireless towers, huge new museums, an American tempo of life, and heavy traffic. It was the city of joyful, frenzied labor, the city of fine, expensive pleasures. It was the capital of all musical and dramatic life, the centre of elegance and architecture. The invincible capital of Germany soon evolved such magical, magnetic strength that it became the capital of Europe. But did n't we begin to hear, first quietly and then more clearly, the noise of creaking, splitting, cracking joints, and did we understand these noises aright? For we might as well frankly confess that ever since the shooting at Serajevo we have become masters of the art of misunderstanding, virtuosos in misreading these mad times.

But Berlin was never so pitiful as it is to-day, never has it presented such a beaten, hopeless appearance. In spite of the police, which still maintain discipline in spite of the apparent serenity and good order, large old concerns are collapsing like the walls of some great fortress under heavy artillery fire. The clouds of smoke that are ascending to the heavens from all this wreckage are composed of hopelessness, poverty, hunger, and the suicides of hundreds in every hundred thousand inhabitants who have lost their jobs and their daily bread. Such are the devastating effects of the Versailles Treaty, which people long ago gave up calling a peace treaty. This instrument of revengeful ignorance has blown economic life to smithereens and fatally wounded victims are cowering in the wreckage it has caused.

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On every street in Berlin one meets people who evidently enjoyed comfortable circumstances until quite recently, but who are now weakened and *déclassé*. Men and women stand on the sidewalks wearing expressions of grief and shame as they offer all kinds of goods for sale, dresses, fur coats, dish-washing machines, and so forth. One feels stabbed to the heart every time one sees a man carrying a placard on his chest with the words, 'I accept any work,' written on it. But the pangs of pain one feels in one's soul can hardly be numbered, for one meets such men at almost every step. They stand motionless on the edges of sidewalks or against the walls of houses, motionless and silent. Only the placard on their chests speaks.

The word 'any' is heavily underlined. It is like a cry. It speaks aloud for the pale, undernourished face above. It expresses the despair that lurks in these men's eyes. And their thin, worn-out coats are eloquent, too, coats that do not protect against the cold. These men stand like wretched beasts of burden that are no longer useful, that have no stall or fodder any more but merely await the end. And the fact that they stand still is terrifyingly eloquent, too, for how they must have run their feet off looking for work, how tired they must have become, how weary of being eternally refused, before they could bring themselves to hang a placard about their necks and simply stand still.

THE empty frames of show windows elicit an involuntary sigh and shudder; for these frames have not always been empty. They were not empty during the attempted revolution or during the inflation or during the brief, deceptive prosperity that Berlin enjoyed. Things began to take their present turn, almost imperceptibly, about two years ago. It was like water running out of a full tub. For a while one does not notice any change; then the fact that the water is running out becomes apparent, and suddenly it is all gone.

In the big streets where the business life of Berlin once used to pulse a thin stream now flows. On the Friedrichstrasse, the Leipzigerstrasse, the Potsdamerstrasse, and in West Berlin on the Tauentzienstrasse and the Kurfürstendamm, shop after shop is for rent. Doors and windows are pasted with signs announcing 'To Let,' with the addresses of the agents. To-day even in the aristocratic quarters, where once private palaces surrounded by big gardens breathed an air of exclusiveness and which expanding business had invaded with difficulty, even on the Lennéstrasse, the Bellevuestrasse, and the Tiergartenstrasse, many houses bear the fatal placard, 'For Rent.' Their original owners were not able to keep these villas and palaces, and, in the present depression, business enterprises are afraid to occupy such premises, while those who moved in previously have been forced to leave at a sacrifice.

The owner of a big house in West Berlin was asked how it happened that the firms to whom he rented his property had neither moved out nor failed—and it is significant that such a question should be asked at all. He replied that he had cut his rents sixty per cent and that he was prepared to make further reductions in order to prevent his tenants from

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going bankrupt. This is indeed a symptom of what many other house-owners in similar positions have been compelled to suffer as they vainly endeavor to check or mitigate the collapse of the middle class, of those who used to be well-to-do. More than fifteen thousand houses of six rooms or more stand empty, and every day the prospect that these will be rented grows less, while at the same time the number of abandoned houses increases.

People in Berlin consider an apartment of four rooms or less as small, and these apartments are the ones most in demand by the thousands of families who have been compelled to lower their standard of living. But even the small apartments are too expensive for a great many people, and for that reason signs are being hung on the doors of many houses announcing single rooms to let.

NO one can be deceived by the fact that a few night clubs are crowded with champagne drinkers, that there are still people riding in expensive automobiles, that crowds go to sporting events, theatres, and moving pictures, and that the attendance at the few sensational carnivals that are still celebrated is enormous. All in all, this is far too little, a mere drop in the bucket, and cannot possibly conceal the almost universal condition of wretched poverty. The celebrations in bars, the convulsed hubbub in the dance halls, and the distraction offered by theatres and movie houses do not lull the profound depression, the painful anxiety that everyone feels in the face of the future. Only a few couples are dancing on the volcano that is modern Germany, and whose crater is Berlin. Only a few couples, and these dance with awkward gestures. The rest are all sitting about awaiting some frightful upheaval. Whether the upheaval will break forth, when and how it will happen, and what destruction it will wreak, nobody attempts to prophesy.

Meanwhile, people talk about subjects that were once important and that may perhaps be important again some day, but that seem almost futile now. Agnes Straub is without doubt a very interesting Queen Elizabeth and she plays the rôle with a passion which her strong will power has successfully confined within the limits of a masterly technique. Romanowski acts the part of an honorable little lawyer in Molnár's *Fee* with unforgettable humanity, and one laughs until the tears roll down one's cheeks. Young Peter Wolf as Etienne is simply charming, and the sensation of the season is the superb production which Karlheinz Martin has given Molnár's *Liliom*.

But all this is futile elegance in the light of the real situation. Tragedy permeates every conversation, and anyone who is not completely stupid ceases to smile. A new and perhaps a better world will arise. Splendid. But present-day life does not offer much ground for hope. The Germans now feel that they are encircled, that a network of taxes, prohibitions, and forced obligations is binding them and preventing them from using their hands in labor. Because the German people has now been driven to despair by disgust, disillusionment, and hatred, professional politicians are making use of this inflammable condition of mind to achieve success and power. They do not attempt to sup-

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port the cause of conciliation and peace, and small thanks would they get for doing so at the present moment. They are preparing to unloose the fury of seventy million people against an unprotected, once estimable group that numbers scarcely one per cent of the population.

This is easy to do and works well enough for the time being. But even if the intelligent, dispossessed, out-of-date element wanted to join the crusade nothing would be accomplished, for the reserve strength of Germany lies in the generation that is to come, in the youth of Germany, those who have grown to voting age since the War ended and who see no place for themselves in the world, no possibility of existence. Impoverished parents, bankrupt institutions, closed business establishments, no work, no expectation of work. In the face of such conditions one cannot and should not pass judgment on these young people. They are innocent, even though they violate the right to live with criminal madness. The only history they know is the history of lies and errors on which they have been brought up. All they know of politics is what they have gleaned from speeches and newspaper articles. Their experience is not worth two cents and, besides, it is still too brief for them to recognize what lies behind the surface of life. They are mad with disgust at the position they have occupied ever since they began to live and they are full of anxiety and of arrogance, too, otherwise they would not be young. But their combined strength, welded together by ambitious, energetic leaders, is no longer a hidden danger; it is revealed for all the world to see. The frenzy of excited mobs, the destructive rule of immaturity, the dictatorship of adolescence, one senses these things everywhere in Germany, especially in modern Berlin.

Only one thing can prevent a reign of terror. The whole of Europe must come to its senses, pull together, and put through the constantly repeated programme of brotherly understanding and peaceful coöperation. Otherwise this programme will turn into mere phrases and thus lose all its strength.

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A distinguished German economist who has lectured extensively in the United States asserts that capitalism does not stifle art, in spite of what the Socialists say. This essay is a representative document of the intellectual struggle now taking place in Germany.

Capitalism *and* Literature

By M. J. Bonn

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt Liberal Daily

IMMEDIATELY after the German Revolution it could be asserted with confidence that literature as a whole was diverting the energies it had dedicated to maintaining the Empire to maintaining German capitalism, which had emerged as the only real victor of the struggle. This was natural enough. A certain portion of literature always resembles the rambler rose, which has to climb up some protecting wall, rather than the fruit tree, which is supported only by its own firm trunk. And since that time literary men have diligently developed the whole ideology of the romanticized economic leader and of antidemocratic society. Now, however, everything has changed.

In the eyes of a large portion of our public, German capitalism has collapsed. Consider, for instance, the latest mental processes of the National Socialists, whose leaders recently figured as the tried and true crusaders for the industrial magnates. But even more serious, perhaps, is the hostility to capitalism that has been manifested in the field of *belles-lettres*. In my opinion, Germany has never possessed a novelist who was even the equal of Upton Sinclair whom, to be sure, we vastly overestimate, but who through a combination of experience, force, and hatred has exposed the evils of capitalism with creative effects. But at last our modern literary critics are analyzing the influence of capitalism on the production of fine literature. The collection of essays that Bernard

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von Brentano has published under the title of *Kapitalismus und schöne Literatur* reveals the utter disgust with which the spiritually awakened members of the younger generation contemplate the relationship between economics and culture.

These critics complain that literary men have brought forth no books that reveal life creatively. 'We Germans have no natural eye for relationships. No country is as vague as ours. Only judges know and understand justice. Only merchants understand business. Only bankers understand capital, and nobody understands politics.' The complaint is also made that there are but few books that give any idea of the real Germany and that even these generally contain nothing but the writers' opinions of Germany —a complaint whose justice the professional man of letters perhaps relishes more fully than the general public. For one learns more from the great English, French, and American novels about the social, political, and economic conditions in those countries than from many learned volumes. In Germany, however, such sources of information are largely wanting. All one can learn from German literature is how German writers feel about the world of politics and business. Most of their characters seem to have no roots, and, though the descriptive passages may seem quite real, one feels none the less that they are the result of study, not experience, and that the writing of them was an act of will, not necessity.

It is an astonishing fact that a period of such dramatic social tension as attended the collapse of the old régime in the revolution of November 1918 and above all the liquidation of the German middle class in the ensuing inflation period has brought forth such a scanty literary output. All these emergences and disappearances, all this mixture of victorious upstarts and apparently victorious organizations and the collapse of so many honorable men and thick-skinned Philistines include a social revolution of greater contrasts and more tremendous upheavals than the period of Louis Philippe that Balzac described. Here in Germany it was not necessary to look for problems or to visit distant countries to discover new material. Any quantity of inspirational matter was available, waiting only for the hand of the master to mould it together. Can we blame capitalism that no such master appeared?

CAPITALISM has the same structure in every country, but its shape and outer surface vary. German capitalism and English capitalism are not as alike as two peas in a pod, but they resemble each other as an ostrich resembles an eagle. The form and color of capitalism are determined by locality just as the social systems of the past were and as the social systems of the future will be. Even motor trucks, the most modern expression of capitalism, reflect recognizable national traits. Furthermore, capitalism in other lands has produced a form of literature that often depicts the country's true essence better than learned works, and I have in mind such books as the *Forsyte Saga*, *Les Thibault*, *Babbitt*, and *Dodsworth*. If German literature, with the exception of *Buddenbrooks* by Thomas Mann, offers no contemporary pictures, capitalism can hardly be blamed. The explanation lies

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in the guild system under which the German people used to live, for this system respected only specialized work. It also lies in the free-will tendency of German thought, with its eternal efforts to present the outer world as the creation of the ego alone.

From this process a kind of shyness toward reality has developed that keeps expressing itself in new ways. We need only recall the outbreak of the young National Socialists against a certain moving picture that presented the horrors of war just as they really are. These young people wanted war to be portrayed as they thought it ought to be and did not want a picture of war as it is to destroy their preconceptions. For this insistence not they, but the past intellectual leaders of Germany, were to blame. For even in descriptions of foreign travel we do not look at peoples and countries as they are but as they ought to be to conform with the world image of the so-called observer. That condition prevailed before the period of capitalism and will continue after capitalism has gone its way.

The complaint that capitalism has corrupted literature sounds quite just because book production is organized on the basis of salability. One is thus led to believe that mass production and bad taste are one and the same thing. Yet the following question still remains. Is capitalist mass production guilty of bad taste or is it bad taste that makes the mass production of bad books possible? Neither idea holds water. One cannot, of course, deny that good books are printed in great quantities and are turned into good films. One can even admit that without capitalist technique many mass successes would have been impossible. If the works of Edgar Wallace cost eighteen marks a volume they would not have provided much popular mental nourishment. If capitalism had not made book production cheap Emil Ludwig would perhaps have become a painstaking, serious historian. But would historical research have been benefited? If a Bavarian chambermaid is able to give her friend a cheap copy of Galsworthy for Christmas, isn't it an improvement over the days when her ancestors read translations of Ponson du Terrail sold by some traveling book agent, or taken from some lending library?

That all of us enjoy detective stories is perhaps an indication of bad taste, but every period has been devoted to some form of romantic trash. It is a condition that inevitably arises in a world that we do not understand and that we shall never learn to understand. The world will always insist on playing and amusing itself. It has always had this desire and the one thing that changes is the games we play. Most writers who produce this type of literature have accepted this fact and do not pay much attention to immortality. I do not believe that capitalism has caused any fundamental changes here.

The scale of things has doubtless been increased by democracy, which made capitalism possible and which in turn capitalism has helped to maintain. No doubt, too, democracy has often been guilty of worse taste than aristocracy, provided one thinks only of the good old days and forgets the evils that existed. If we teach illiterates to read we come up against their fundamental inclinations. That modern youth is uneducated and does not want to be educated is no more an

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indictment of education than the high level of education attained by previous generations is an indorsement of education. A book is certainly not a work of genius because it makes its author and publisher rich; on the other hand, the fact that a book is not bought is not conclusive proof of its author's genius. It is more than doubtful whether capitalism can be held solely responsible for our lack of literary creativeness.

CAPITALISM wears two faces. On the one hand, it represents an attitude toward the world, and its development is certainly closely tied up with certain philosophic conceptions, although they should not be overemphasized. Rationalism and tradition can successfully travel in double harness, as Chinese history proves. But the decisive point is that capitalism represents a technical system that is connected with certain economic and social conditions. Now that the Five-Year Plan in Russia has begun to operate we ought to be able to recognize that Bolshevist socialism is tied up with capitalist technique in the same way in which bourgeois capitalism is. Nine-tenths of the complaints that people make against bourgeois capitalism, especially in relation to its intellectual tendencies, also apply to Bolshevist capitalism.

One must, of course, admit that bourgeois capitalism discovered mass production and in that way made mass consumption possible. In the course of this process, life has grown more drab, but we should not overemphasize this fact, since the monotony of clothes, food, and drink in precapitalist times was certainly more marked than it is to-day. Lorenzo the Magnificent probably led a more spectacular life than Henry Ford, but his peasants and workers were no Medicis. Day in, day out, year in, year out, they had to live a tremendously standardized, monotonous existence, apart from occasional celebrations on certain feast days. The consumer communism of tinned food which has enabled bourgeois America to keep house individually is certainly nothing to get excited about, but it is no more monotonous than the centuries of noodles and sauerkraut and sauerkraut and noodles devoured by the peasants of Bavaria. Finally, the restlessness of real capitalism indicates that a certain amount of gay variety will persist. Whether new series will be developed along existing lines or whether the series themselves will be changed makes no difference.

The decisive point is that Bolshevist socialism is striving with all its might to make life standardized and monotonous. In Russia it has ruthlessly eliminated all such eccentricities as still exist in the capitalist world. If anyone complains that capitalism is eliminating the individual he is quite right, but anyone is crazy who supposes that the transformation of the capitalist system into communism will improve our intellectual condition.

Capitalism, in so far as it is real capitalism, is eager for novelty. In an economically planned and thoroughly organized communal life, no Ford automobile would have been invented, not because socialism could not have made such an invention but because it would not have wanted to. Bolshevism will be able to cast aspersions on the capitalist world only so

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long as it can borrow capitalist ideas. In and of itself its aim is stabilization. Its bureaucracy, once it has triumphed, would never tolerate the unauthorized development of the inventions of genius.

There are still to-day a considerable number of individual oases in a world that is gradually becoming a communist desert, communist in so far as that word stands for standardized production and standardized consumption. We may well doubt whether the mind will become more alive if these oases dry up, if the future Horace must depend on the state for support instead of on the generosity of the capitalistic Mæcenas, who was, of course, a snob. In any case, a world in which every individual has the same absolutely standardized private bathroom is a more individualistic world than one in which there are no private bathrooms at all, but only a great socialist tank. Is it more far-sighted to destroy the private bathrooms because not everyone yet enjoys one? Perhaps one is justified in demanding complete equality even if it means that soap production must decline. But does this guarantee us a new spiritual era? We doubt it.

One fact, however, cannot be denied; modern capitalism, at least in Germany, stands on the point of choking the spring from which its strength comes. If capitalism does not learn to be liberal in the intellectual sense of the word, if it does not respect the intellectual forces that are attacking it, then it will lose the merits that dwell within it as a system. The danger that a socialist world presents to the intellect lies in the universal possibilities of prohibitions. If capitalism makes use of its production facilities to enact prohibitions of its own, then it will be only natural that in the interests of the general public some censorship in behalf of the whole nation will be invoked. And capitalism, especially German capitalism, must seriously consider the fact that to-day not only politics but also literature is doubting the necessity for capitalism, as this little book of Brentano's clearly reveals, a little book that has at least performed the great function of opening up a discussion. Capitalism has nothing to fear from German socialism. The only enemies that may be dangerous are its own leaders. They must learn that *richesse oblige*.

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A German visitor to Chile describes the great colonizing efforts that country is putting forth. Ten thousand German settlers are forming the nucleus of what may one day become our most important South American market.

Colonists *in* CHILE

By KASIMIR EDSCHMID

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt Liberal Daily

BEFORE I visited the German colony of Peñaflor, I had a conversation in Santiago, the Chilean capital, with General Ahumada. I visited him early in the morning. The General was standing in the front garden of his villa with a copy of the *Mercurio* in his left hand and a cigarette in his right. He wore a dark coat and striped trousers. His skin was dark, his hair gray, and he had a monocle. To a European he was the picture of a state official.

But the General is a real general, for in Chile this appellation is not a complimentary title as it is in Venezuela, but indicates a trained soldier of high rank. General Ahumada is the intellectual leader of the *Caja de Colonización*, a national institution for immigrants for which the present régime of General Ibañez has appropriated an annual credit of twenty million pesos for the next ten years.

'Why do you pay so much attention to immigration?' I asked him after we had entered the house. 'Most other South American countries quietly let their immigrants go hang, but you, a nation of only four or five million people, have set aside a large part of a very slender budget for this purpose.'

'You have already answered the question,' replied the General, balancing his monocle in his hand. 'Please sit down.' He pointed to a chair. 'For many years Chile has had only four million inhabitants, and we want to populate this big country of ours with good material.'

'Do you prefer Germans?'

'I would n't say that,' answered the General, smiling. 'What would the ambassadors and consuls of other

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countries say? But, if any immigrants have given form and tradition to Chile, they are the English and Germans.'

I was aware that great numbers of Italians and Serbians had also come to the country. The Italians usually went into small businesses and the Serbians into larger ones, but neither they nor the English were peasants.

Southern Chile, however, is filled with small German farms owned by a type of immigrant which, to be sure, does not mix easily with the rest of the population but which does not sink to the level of the half-breed Chilean peasant. Indeed, this German peasant type maintains itself so well that it has raised the standard of the whole Chilean peasantry.

I knew that Chile needed fresh blood. I had seen its wretched housing conditions. I knew about the tremendous tuberculosis death-rate, for there are no sanatoriums here. But in the rural districts there is ample territory for human beings to settle. Much of this territory is fertile as it stands, and there is still more in the north of the country that could be made just as fertile if it were irrigated. The Chileans, therefore, want good, dependable, qualified settlers, which is sensible of them.

'The colonization fund spends ten million marks a year for property and then sells it at reduced rates. It buys land in the north and irrigates it. It buys land in the south and makes it suitable for agriculture. Its work is divided into three categories. Category A provides farms consisting of forty acres of arable land with a house, stable, and fence, all ready for occupation. These cost forty thousand marks. One pays ten per cent spot cash and the rest within thirty-three years. The other categories are somewhat more complicated. Category B, for instance, does not supply a house, but there is more land and one must pay twenty per cent spot cash. All land of this kind is near civilized country. There are no jungles. We don't want pioneers who at once fall victim to malaria, but we want to populate all the fertile land in the interior of Chile.'

'All this sounds incredible,' I replied, 'and I can only ask you now to let me see Peñaflor.'

'All right,' said the General.

SANTIAGO is a remarkably extensive city, but as the result of its natural position it looks like an enormous Innsbruck, with its beautiful surrounding districts and snow-capped mountains with houses appearing here and there among them. Two hours' journey brought me to the German settlement of Peñaflor. When we suddenly saw little red-roofed villas in the German style emerging behind fences, my heart stopped beating. This was Germany indeed.

The Peñaflor villas are not one-story affairs like the Chilean villas nor are they roofed with straw. They are more like the houses in Essen, Baden, and Swabia. Each dwelling is surrounded by forty acres of land. I looked about me with satisfaction and then made my way through the barbed-wire fence that ran around the whole colony.

I am a firm believer in climatic influences, not on the strength of mere theory, but because of first-hand observations. I have always observed that people from one country do not make good citizens of another country

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unless the climate of the new country corresponds to the climate from which they came. Thus Ecuador, Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia, which I saw before I visited Chile, did not present any colonizing possibilities. No great quantity of German settlers could feel or work well there. Even dogs and poultry degenerate in such places. But the Chilean climate and the natural surroundings of the country correspond to the German climate and German natural surroundings. Indeed, the climate is a little better because the winters are more mild. When I was in Chile it was winter time, yet I traveled in an open automobile. Often it grew cold and at night the thermometer would sink to the freezing point, but during the day, when the sun was shining, it was mild.

Ten thousand Germans have been attracted to southern Chile in the last ten years. In Santiago alone there are at least five thousand of them, and they have adjusted themselves. The German imprint that has been planted on the Chilean landscape is not vanishing, for this is one part of the world where Germany did not arrive too late, as she did in so many other places. I felt quite excited as I passed through the barbed-wire fence surrounding the Peñaflor colony. Every few hundred yards was a house with a ploughed field around it. The colony had been opened up only three months ago and settled with the assistance of the *Caja*. It all looked to me like quite an elegant village, almost like a summer colony. Slender almond and fruit trees, scarcely three feet high, line the roadway, which is destined some day to be a rustling avenue of trees. I asked a man who was ploughing in a field to my right where the administrator lived. 'Beyond the market place and to the left,' said the man, as he raised his hand to his eyes and looked wonderingly at the automobile from which a voice had suddenly spoken to him in German.

The 'market place' was a touching sight. It consisted of a circular piece of ground heavily trodden by many footprints, but there were no houses, no schools, no town hall, no factories, no club. Nothing but trampled earth. Everyone was living in the future. But everyone felt as if the market place were already there, just as the road through the fields already seemed to be lined by tall trees. In a little *hacienda* well on the way to the horizon I finally met the administrator, a young man with riding boots, a green shirt, and a Ford. He was a Chilean-born German who had been brought up in Bavaria, an active, determined man, mature beyond his years. We went about among the settlements, back and forth, seeing everything, and when we came to the market place the administrator explained to me what was going to be built.

The Chilean consuls in Germany had selected the immigrants and had given them much bad advice, so that many arrived without furniture, without enough money to make their ten per cent payment, and without working capital. But the *Caja* was friendly. It paid all their living expenses, paid for equipment and furniture, and even bought them hay. I was amazed. Was n't this too much of a good thing? What was the reason for it all?

There was really no nigger in the wood pile. The Chilean nation wanted well-qualified men to settle on its fruit plantations near the capital and

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was glad to correct mistakes that had been made. Among the Peñaflor colonists were not only peasants but former intellectuals, landowners, and shopkeepers. They had said good-bye to Germany since it could offer them only tenant farming and they had set themselves up on their own soil for the rest of their lives, raising fruit and vegetables two hours away from Santiago. I wondered if this had been a difficult decision for them to make as I looked about me at the lovely clear landscape. From time to time the Andes emerged miraculously through the distant, cloudy sky.

OUR automobile then stopped in front of a garden where a man with short trousers, a sport shirt, and a Basque *beret* was digging. Paul Puhlmann he said his name was, as he came through the gate opening on to his field. He was one of the intellectuals and a powerful fellow.

'I've planted peach trees, you see, and a couple of bushes. They will soon provide shade.' He looked at his five-room house, which stood, with a wire fence around it, in the middle of his forty-acre plot of ground. 'Next year the factory will be ready. You know, we are going to have all our fruit canned in one place. That's what the factory will be for. The vegetables will go direct to Santiago. Coöperation. One can't prosper without it and that's why it's so pleasant here.'

'Do the members of the colony get along well together?'

'By and large they do. A few have to leave. But the only people who don't get along are those who won't coöperate.'

'Will you be able to pay the full price that your land is supposed to cost?'

'I think so. At any rate, in thirty-three years.'

We both had the same thought in mind. Thirty-three years. We knew that not much more than thirty-three years ago there were no telephones, no electric lights. Anything might happen in that time. How many governments might change, how many systems. Perhaps the settlers would be let off half their debt, perhaps the whole thing would be forgotten. Anyway, there was no cause for worry now.

My eyes wandered over the fields, where German people were ploughing and driving cattle. I felt happy for them. How different was their fate from the fate of the German immigrants who had gone to the coffee plantations of Brazil and the jungles of Peru and Colombia. Of course, this particular colony was an exhibition colony, but it was part of a whole enterprise that was working on the same principle.

'How do you like it?' I asked the man with the *beret*, and I thought of theatres, concerts, friends, and morning newspapers, things that Herr Puhlmann must have known, grown accustomed to, and loved. But Herr Puhlmann cast a quick gaze at his land, a quarter of which was already under cultivation, and at his little knee-high trees. There was a certain pride in his eyes. He loved this land already, land that he had only occupied for three months but that he was working himself.

'Have n't you got the feeling that you are in a foreign country?' I asked him as I noticed that look.

'No, I feel as if I were in Germany,' he said, and his voice choked.

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Here is new light on the relations between Richard Wagner and King Ludwig II of Bavaria. It takes the form of hitherto unpublished notes, written at the time by a diplomat in Munich who heard the first performance of *Tristan* and knew everybody in town.

Richard Wagner *and* Ludwig II

By Roderich, Baron von Ompteda

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

[*These illuminating notes, written by the last Hanoverian envoy to Munich, were placed at the disposal of the* Neue Freie Presse *by his son, Baron von Ompteda. They serve to clarify one of the most dramatic situations in the life of Richard Wagner.*]

MUNICH, *June* 30, 1865.—I arrived the day before yesterday and went to-day to make my first official call upon Pfordten, the Bavarian Prime Minister. The king is away in the mountains. I hear unanimous reports from many quarters to the effect that His Majesty withdraws himself almost completely from his companions and goes off on long, rigorous rides. He seems to take pleasure in spending whole days on horseback, traveling in strict incognito with only a groom for company.

Wagner's new opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, had its first performance here recently. I sat in a box with Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe, the future Chancellor of the Reich. The music impressed me as being nerve-shattering, monotonous, and altogether offensive. In the middle of the second act Prince Hohenlohe turned to me and said: 'It really makes one ashamed to be listening to such music.' With that he got up and left the theatre. I stood it from six o'clock until half-past eleven. Hans von Bülow conducted with the motions of a man possessed. Wagner was sitting in the '*galerie noble*.' Incidentally the fat tenor, Schnorr von

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Carolsfeld, who sang Tristan died a few days later from overexertion, and the woman who sang the part of Brangäne burst a blood vessel the day after the performance.

October 11, 1865.—On the first of October, during the festival, I was presented to Ludwig II. We were invited up to the second stand. This day and New Year's Day are the only occasions during the entire year when the diplomats appear before His Majesty. The King is unquestionably a distinguished figure. He has an impressive head with thick, curly dark hair, and agreeable features which have a look of intellect, talent, amiability, and great enthusiasm. He is very large and grew tall very quickly. As a result his figure lacks complete symmetry and harmony of movement. The color in his face was not as fresh and healthy as one would have expected it to be after months of bracing mountain air.

The October festival ended in a street riot. Even as late as midnight bands of marchers were being dispersed and meetings broken up by cavalry charges. The habitual roughness of the mob broke loose, having been intensified by a beer festival which lasted for a week without interruption.

During this time the citizens of Munich were prey to a steadily increasing agitation in regard to the strange friendship and 'schoolboy crush' between Ludwig II and Richard Wagner. They detested Wagner because he was a Protestant, a democrat, an outsider, and a spendthrift. Finally the mayor of Munich betook himself to old King Ludwig I, requesting him to inform his grandson of the menacing temper of the citizens. The old man replied: 'Do you know, Steinsdorff, I think you'd better tell him about it yourself. Once upon a time you tried to warn me about Lola Montez and I didn't want to believe you.'

At last the excitement grew so threatening that it was feared Wagner's house would be destroyed. But at that point the composer escaped under cover of darkness and fog. The city immediately became tranquil again, but Ludwig II has never forgotten that the citizens of Munich exercised restraint over him or that Prime Minister Pfordten urged him to yield to their wishes.

In recording the following events I am guided by the confidential information supplied by Prime Minister Pfordten, with whom I am on excellent terms. His wife, as it happened, stayed at the home of my parents at Lüneburg when she was a young girl.

October 12 *to November* 28, 1865.—As Ludwig II feels that he must spend a few weeks more in the mountains, the change of ministers cannot be carried out. His Majesty returned yesterday to Hohenschwangau, where he wishes to devote himself exclusively to the loveliness of nature and to art. No one but the composer, Richard Wagner, is invited out there. The King's decision provoked dissatisfaction in Munich, and the cabinet, somewhat injudiciously it would seem, had an apology made for him in the columns of the *Bayerische Zeitung*. To-day Privy Councilor Pfistermeister has announced that the attacks against the cabinet are inspired by Richard Wagner because of the fact that Pfistermeister opposed the plans for a

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great model theatre, through fear of the effect it might have upon the civil service.

It seems that during the past few weeks the King has been disturbed by Wagner's growing importunity, which manifests itself in his personal contacts and in his writings. In addition, the King became aware of the feud raging among the newspapers and particularly of an article in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*. It has been ascertained that the article was submitted to the editors of the paper by a lady who is a close friend of Wagner's, Cosima, daughter of Liszt and now wife of the piano virtuoso, Von Bülow. The article said, in substance:—

'When the King sent for Wagner and bade him come here a year and a half ago, he had no other purpose in mind than to offer permanent refuge and leisure for creative work to a man who had long been a wanderer. Wagner told the King in all sincerity that he would be content with a quiet little house and garden and sufficient means to release him from the necessity of earning his living. After Wagner had been so pleasantly established here there would have been no real discord in the atmosphere surrounding him if he could have avoided becoming an object of envy, which was easily aroused because of the privileges accorded him. Certain members of the King's cabinet, fancying that excessive influence was being exercised over the King in disregard of their authority, decided that it would be to their personal advantage to compel Wagner to leave Munich as quickly as possible. Events began to take this turn on the day when the King received Semper in order to commission him to work out the plans for the great model theatre.

'The truth of the matter is that people began to realize clearly that the King's predilection for Wagner was more than a passing, youthful whim, although at first they had been all too ready to put this easy interpretation upon the friendship. Henceforth certain individuals chose to feel that the interests of the royal civil service were being endangered by the genuine inclination toward Wagner on the part of this monarch, who is grossly misunderstood by those about him. After an impudent network of lies concerning Wagner had failed to bring about his swift departure from the city, these individuals set about stirring up public apprehension, in the hope that if both the King and Wagner became aware of it, the relationship existing between them would be reduced to the most noncommittal basis possible.

'This scheme was frustrated by the enthusiastic spirit of the King, who was ungrudging in his wish to provide Wagner with tranquillity for his labors, but who also wanted to see that steps were taken to prepare the ground for classical presentations of the master's works. From that time forth evidences kept appearing of a still more extensive conspiracy, whose expressed aim was to drive Wagner in disgust from Munich by subjecting him to various ingeniously conceived forms of unpleasantness. Certain people whom I need not name, since they are now the objects of contemptuous indignation throughout Bavaria, not only consider it to their interest to disturb the firm friendship of the King for Wagner but see in this attempt their last hope of saving themselves from ruin. Flattering party interests,

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these individuals represent the friendship as pernicious in order to divert the anger of the people of Munich from themselves.

'It is only necessary to reflect what a burden all this places upon Wagner, whose primary concern is to have peace for his work and who holds himself aloof from political partisanship. You can be convinced of one thing: that it is not a question of which principle or which party attitude Wagner would oppose, but of an interplay of the lowest personal interests, which can be traced back to a very small number of individuals. I dare to assure you that, if two or three persons who are not in the least esteemed by the people of Bavaria were removed, the King and the citizens would at one stroke be relieved of the burden of these disturbances.'

By the 'removal of two or three persons' the writer undoubtedly meant Pfordten, Pfistermeister, and Steinsdorff. Just at this time Pfordten sent a report to His Majesty at Hohenschwangau concerning the sentiment prevailing in the city and throughout Bavaria. In this communication he indicated that some decisive action would have to be taken soon, and that for this reason His Majesty would have to arrive at a decision after his return to the capital. When the King received the message he summoned the Prime Minister to Hohenschwangau for an audience. The King explained with most amiable candor how difficult it would be for him to decide to send Wagner away. 'Yet I will show you that love of my people is more important to me than anything else!' To which Pfordten answered: 'Your Majesty, although a victory over one's self is the hardest to win, it bears the best harvest for the future!'

I MUST mention one more evening in the theatre before Wagner's banishment. Goethe's *Iphigenie* was being given to mark the first appearance of the guest actress, Janauschek. The King appeared with Prince Otto. The boxes and orchestra stalls, usually filled to overflowing on such occasions, were astonishingly empty. There were a few scattered cheers expressing the customary welcome to returning royalty, but they found no echo and even provoked disapproval. It was said later, in explanation, that all the box-keepers and ticket-takers had orders to tell everyone who came into the theatre that His Majesty desired that there should be no ovation. In the meantime, members of the higher circles of the guardians of public safety had become persuaded that the citizens, having made a vain address of protest against Wagner, would not hesitate to use illegal means to rid the King and the country of the despised, alien parasite—just as they had once done in the case of Lola Montez.

Matters had reached this point when the King came back from Hohenschwangau, doubtless hastened by Pfordten's letter. His Majesty endeavored to inform himself more exactly about the state of affairs, yet he received none of his ministers. And although the official *Bayerische Zeitung* falsely announced that he was giving audience to a large number of people from various walks of life, such was not the case, and the director of police was the only man to be called into confidence. Ludwig II also had a long conversation with his mother.

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I must not forget to speak of a letter which Ludwig I left for his grandson before departing for Nice. In a spirit of the noblest self-denial he referred to his own sad experience with Lola as a warning to his grandson.

Early this morning it was announced that Wagner had been ordered to leave the country at once. It was explained that in the solitude of Hohenschwangau His Majesty had had no inkling of the universality and intensity of the sentiment against Wagner until two weeks ago, when he became aware of the newspaper feud. It was from the press that the King first learned that the matter involved more than personal antipathies and questions of taste in music. On the Sunday evening after the decree of banishment had gone into effect the King appeared once more in the theatre. The house was crowded, and he was greeted with a prolonged, affectionate, and exultant cheer.

December 7, 1865.—I telegraphed to my government at Hanover the news of the banishment of Richard Wagner, the 'composer of mischief,' from Munich. The whole city is in a joyful mood.

May 28, 1866.—The King is staying in the mountains. He really made the trip to Lucerne that was mentioned in the newspapers. The purpose of his journey was to congratulate the composer, Richard Wagner, upon his birthday! His Majesty's departure, which was kept secret even from those closest to him, and his absence of three days for such a purpose at a time when serious matters demand attention have again aroused general and profound ill feeling.

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Mr. J. B. Morton is a rising young British author who, like Mr. J. B. Priestley, is successfully perpetuating the national tradition of humor. Here is a characteristic sample of his work.

The Guest of Honor

By J. B. Morton

From the *Spectator*
London Conservative Weekly

I HAVE a friend who was always being pestered to visit one of the many clubs or societies into which writing people love to form themselves nowadays. But he, being a man who can get great pleasure out of the variety of life, and who has always regarded his work as a small and unpleasant branch of his activities—he, I say, very properly decided when the business began that he would have nothing to do with the cliques and coteries and logrollers and all the rest of them. He refused invitation after invitation, curtly, and without troubling to invent lies. And, the more he went on in this strange manner, the more their tongues hung out.

They tried new tactics. Highbrow women used to ask him to tea, without any other visitors, hoping that this might prove a step toward the club or society in which they were interested. But he always saw the trap, and always avoided it. And, while they bemoaned their failures, he was climbing mountains, or making a rock garden, or eating and drinking with his friends, or designing toy gunboats, or drawing maps. His books sold, and he became better known, and every club and coterie and gang was terrified lest some rival should seize hold of him.

And then there arrived, on the crest of a novel that was awarded one of the literary medals, a capable and hideous young woman who vowed to lure my friend to the Ars Longa Club, or perish miserably in the attempt. Her cronies told her that she would fail, but she said she did not know the meaning of the word, and that if she had to go and drag him by the hair of his head she would do it. Her first polite letters were answered equally politely. After three weeks the invitations were ig-

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nored. But, where others had given up, she redoubled her efforts, with the consequence that she so far exasperated him that he consented to come and entertain them. They wanted him to read some poetry to them; then poetry it should be.

Imagine the scene at the next committee meeting of that club. The women were in such a state of excitement that no business was transacted for the first half hour, and the men, though they pretended to be indifferent, were trembling in anticipation of the forthcoming visit. As for the woman who had brought off the *coup*, she found herself the unchallenged empress of the set.

Two weeks before he was to be the guest of honor, a neat little card was sent to him, on which he was asked what he proposed to read or recite. He showed me this card, and I said, '*Paradise Lost* is the stuff to give them . . . the whole of it.' He said he thought some Rabindranath Tagore, made up by himself, would be better. Or, perhaps, a play of Maeterlinck. 'But then,' he said, 'it must be something frightfully long that they don't know. They all know *Paradise Lost*, and would at once protest that it would take too long to read. What I must do is to copy out something; perhaps five or six long poems all plastered together, and containing sentences interpolated for fun.'

So we set to work and had a lot of obscure poems typed with no interval between them, but with just enough of a link, supplied by us, to make the whole thing seem one poem. This we called *The Voyage of the Mind*, and we said it was an eighteenth-century thing, recently discovered, and written by Chatterton on his deathbed.

As the night approached we polished up the work, and my friend rehearsed it with a solemn face and with all the wooden gesticulations of the parlor poet. The rest of the story I must repeat as he told it to me afterward.

The dinner was foul, because all the women spent too much time fussing about literature ever to learn anything of housekeeping. The white wine had been brought to boiling point, and the red was well watered in the Algerian manner. The conversation was sickening, and my friend had to pass judgment upon various novelists who were mere names to him, and was expected to know how much they earned, what they were writing next, and so on. To all these questions he gave, as was his custom, deliberate and dogmatic answers. He never hesitated, and invented incomes, forthcoming books, and so on. The interest in him became white hot, and the women even forgave him for being very tall and broad, and for eating greedily and laughing immoderately, when he had been expected to be a morose little man with a white face. All down the table, on each side of him, heads craned forward and ears were cocked to catch his lightest word. By the time the speeches and the interval were over, and he had risen to read his typescript, he had captivated the gathering with his plausible lies. They sat back comfortably as he began, in measured tones, to read the poetry.

After half an hour glances were exchanged. Nobody was sure enough of himself to be openly bored, but there was a general feeling that this was rather too much of a good thing. The younger men were coughing and fidgeting. But the chairman still re-

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tained in his eyes that far-away expression as of one listening to a distant lark. As for my friend, he never varied his tone, but waded on and on through the stuff. Every time he paused to turn a page, hundreds of eyes glanced up quickly. The lady on his left, looking up at the typescript, which he gripped in both hands, was horrified to see a thick sheaf of pages yet to come.

After an hour the chairman abandoned all pretense of hearing the lark, and stared uneasily about him. There was a tendency to sprawling. People plucked at their napkins, flicked crumbs, stroked their hair, levered their shoes off and on, scratched the back of one hand with the index finger of the other, tapped their chins with their fists. The thing was becoming serious. The chairman sought in his mind for a precedent. What was he to do? One did not wish to be discourteous, but hang it all!

A young woman far down the table on the right whispered to her neighbor, 'I shall scream if he does n't stop.' Encouraged, other couples whispered. But my friend appeared not to notice anything unusual. As the second hour drew to a close, the chairman decided that he must act. He scribbled a note on the back of a menu, and pushed it along the table to the tireless reader, who, without shifting his eyes from the manuscript, picked up the menu, and, as though absent-minded, folded it without glancing at it, and stuffed it into his pocket. A second note fared no better. So they whispered to him, but he only nodded with a smile, and went on with the poetry. He was nudged, but he shifted his position.

When it had gone on for two hours and ten minutes, a paragraphist rose and strode angrily from the room, and somebody was heard to say, 'Chatterton be damned!' Those furthest from the chairman began to creep out, but my friend looked up, and was so pained and surprised that the culprits hovered uncertainly. 'Er—don't you think—?' said the chairman in his normal voice. But the remark was unheard. The reading had begun again.

Three hours had passed, and the poem was still going on.

'He's gone mad,' said one of the few remaining diners.

The waiters began to make trouble about clearing away, but the erect figure at the table did not budge. A woman slipped out and asked the hall-porter to step in for a moment. 'Is he drunk?' said the porter. 'Oh, good gracious, no!' cried the woman. The reading continued. The porter went out again and brought in a policeman. 'Who is he?' asked the policeman. 'Our guest,' said the unhappy chairman. And so at 12.15 the porter and the policeman approached my friend, and each took one arm. Whereupon he looked up in amazement, and said to the chairman, 'Is this your idea of hospitality? You ask me to come and eat your vile food, and read to you, and then you try to have me arrested. This is the last time I'll ever come to one of your beastly shows. Good-night!'

With that he stalked out, and has never been pestered by the literary world from that day to this.

The policeman pocketed half a crown, and mumbled to the chairman, 'Writer, eh? Writer is he? Oh, well. You never know with them writin' blokes.'

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AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD

Liaison in Foreign Financial Relations

By Harry C. Cushing, 3rd

THE PRESENT economic depression in the United States has been accounted for in many ways by many different authorities, each of whom has brought to the fore that which strikes nearest his particular home. But there is one proposition on which these authorities almost unanimously agree: that our own economic problems are definitely bound up with those of the outside world, and particularly with those of Great Britain and her Dominions.

Reduced to the simplest terms, the present low prices of raw materials and commodities are largely due to unconsumed surpluses of stocks on hand, caused, in great measure, by improved methods of production and a lack of consumer purchasing power. In accordance with the law of supply and demand, these surpluses have resulted in prices' being depressed to a point where further production is not only unprofitable, but, in many cases, financially impossible.

This large boulder of surplus stocks cast into the lake of national prosperity has set up such a wave of depression that no industry has been immune from its devastating influence. The action of our security markets has shown, in a very decisive manner, the effect of this wave on the earnings and future prospects of every railroad, public utility, and industrial company in the United States; and hundreds of thousands of investors either have been ruined, or have had their purchasing power so diminished, and their confidence in the future so undermined, that the raising of new capital for legitimate enterprises in the near future will be no easy task.

Page upon page of able opinion has been written on this situation. Will a repeal or a modification of the present tariff act restore us to a position of unbounded prosperity? Will the elimination of Prohibition be a cure-all for the financial ills of the moment? Will a wiping out of the remaining war debts of foreign governments to us, and to each other, restore their purchasing power, and, if it does, will they come into our markets and buy our merchandise? Who knows? That is not for the immediate future to decide. None of these remedies can be made available overnight.

However, we do know that the United States can no longer remain in a state of 'splendid isolation' and prosper. It is true that we are a self-sustaining nation, and in case of war or during a temporary interruption of communication with the outside world we could probably continue to exist. That is a comforting thought. It is a backlog which insures independence of thought and action in dealing with foreign affairs, but it is not conducive to a state of continued prosperity.

In order to hold our position as the leader of the world in finance and

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economic prosperity, we must have a stable foreign market to consume our surplus stocks of commodities and manufactured goods, and we must purchase abroad, with a good part of the moneys received therefrom, those foreign materials which are necessary to our well-being. We must reëstablish and develop those channels of foreign trade which will be most profitable, both to ourselves and to our foreign competitors. And, to do this, we must establish large credits for the benefit of those responsible foreign governments and foreign enterprises which are necessary to us. Furthermore, and not less important, we must reëstablish, in so far as possible, confidence between the people of the United States and the people of foreign countries. Without mutual confidence, a secure credit position is unattainable.

The vast majority of the people of the United States look upon foreign governments as welshers, who are trying by every possible means, fair or foul, mostly foul, to evade the payment of their justly contracted debts. On the other hand, foreigners usually look upon our government as a grotesque 'Uncle Sam,' a bragging, greedy, usurious bully, who is endeavoring, by the same means, to stifle their trade, drive them out of business, squeeze money from their pockets, and eventually reduce them to a condition of financial dependence bordering upon serfdom. Of course neither view is right, that is to say, entirely right, but there are enough grains of truth among the bushels of chaff to give substance to the lurid tales of self-seeking politicians and muckraking newspapers.

How, then, can we establish in a measure this mutual confidence between ourselves and the other so-called civilized peoples of the world, especially Great Britain, and at the same time gain a better understanding of our mutual needs, thereby promoting foreign-trade relations? How can we gather accurate, but nonofficial, trade and credit information and disseminate it among those who are entitled to receive it?

The regular diplomatic and consular channels have proved too hidebound and formal to be of more than academic interest. Ambassadors, ministers, and consular officials have been too restricted by custom, and by the very nature of their respective missions, to be able to discuss financial problems informally with the bankers, industrialists, ministers, and other government officials of the countries to which they have been accredited. Furthermore, in only a very few instances have our representatives had the proper business and financial training to be of any practical use. And, finally, purely private agencies, sponsored entirely by individual banking and industrial groups to further their own particular interests, have, owing to the very nature of their organization, been looked upon with suspicion, and have failed to establish any degree of confidence.

HOWEVER, it is believed that a foreign financial mission, clothed with the rank and dignity, but *not* the authority, of an embassy or legation, and with no other official function than to act as a liaison unit between the Department of Commerce or some other appropriate government department and the corresponding depart-

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ment or ministry of the country to which it is accredited, would, if properly organized, and headed by a properly equipped '*chef de mission*,' or liaison officer, be of inestimable value in creating a real trade understanding. Also, by being able to iron out on the spot, without recourse to the regular official channels, many of the difficulties which constantly arise, such a liaison unit would create an atmosphere of mutual confidence and respect that would aid immeasurably in smoothing out financial and trade relations between the countries involved.

In addition to any official function, such a financial mission would perform the important task of establishing direct communication with foreign bankers and industrialists through informal, unofficial meetings in which various individual financial and trade problems could be personally discussed and ways and means suggested as to how each country could help both the other and itself. Here is a case in point, showing one way in which such a liaison unit could function. Let us suppose—and as a matter of fact there are many such cases—that a certain article of foreign manufacture is made heavily dutiable in America through the operation of the new tariff act, and that, owing either to changed conditions in the industry or to an error in assessing the duty in the first instance, there is no apparent economic reason why this duty could not be considerably lowered without harm to our home competitors. Yet by reason of this excessive duty an entire foreign industry is crippled and its purchasing power in America is destroyed, the net result being that both countries concerned are heavy losers. Official protests through routine channels not only involve great delays but also call public attention to the fact that some changes in policy are demanded and give the press of both countries a golden opportunity to cry out in protest, while our own politicians gain invaluable publicity through speeches attacking 'another attempt of bankrupt and corrupt foreign governments to dictate our national policy.' The consequence is that the situation goes from bad to worse and more ill feeling is stored up on both sides.

A liaison unit could examine into the facts surrounding such a situation and make a full and confidential report, based on first-hand knowledge, direct to the recently established Tariff Commission, or some other proper authority. Such a report would recite the facts, the conclusions drawn by the unit, and its recommendations as to the disposition of the case. Speedy action could then be obtained and a final decision rendered. And whether or not this decision was favorable, at least the applicant would know that his plea had received careful and courteous attention and that an effort had been made to give him a day in court. The diplomatic and consular services would be relieved of the necessity of handling this difficult, embarrassing, and probably unfamiliar situation, and the foreign government would be assured that the protests of its nationals were being given proper consideration.

Another extremely valuable service would be the dissemination, when the occasion might arise, by bulletins issued to those entitled to receive them or by personal visits when more confidential issues were at stake, of in-

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formation correctly interpreting any important American news items which might, unless properly explained, result in wholesale unnecessary liquidation by dumping on our markets American goods or securities owned abroad. An illustration as to how this would work out in practice is as follows: When the Bank of United States, a local New York State institution, closed its doors recently, the news was immediately flashed to all foreign points. Owing to the name of the institution many readers of the foreign press believed that the United States Government had suspended payments and immediately offered for sale, usually through their local bankers, such bonds, stocks, and other American securities as they owned at whatever prices they could realize. This selling from abroad caused an already overburdened securities market to sink to new low levels and resulted in fresh distress liquidation at home.

A competent liaison service would have seen to it that all government financial officials, all of the larger public banking institutions, private bankers, and newspapers were fully informed as to the true situation. And when the small investor, or, for that matter, the large one,—for following this bank suspension many large blocs of American securities, which could have come only from important holders, were sacrificed,—appeared at the wicket of the local bank and presented his American securities for sale 'at the market,' he would be informed that the real situation was sound and that a sale of his securities at such a time, unless the actual cash was needed for outside emergencies, was an unwise action which would probably result in unnecessary loss. In nine cases out of ten the investor would leave the bank with whatever securities he had desired to dispose of and redeposit them in his place of safekeeping, content with the knowledge that the United States of America was still solvent. And he would be much less apt to be disturbed by similar pessimistic rumors in the future.

The liaison unit could also aid foreign bankers and industrialists to make proper contacts for securing favorable American markets and dependable American trade information, and in like manner could help our own nationals to obtain the best connections for doing business abroad.

SUCH a liaison unit would be only as strong as its presiding officer and great care would have to be exercised in his selection. He would have to be an efficient business man, with a working knowledge of finance and a successful record at home. He would have to possess a diplomatic manner and be familiar with the manners and customs of the country to which he was to be accredited. At the same time he would have to be able to penetrate the many subterfuges which would undoubtedly be used to influence his judgment. Such a man would be eminently qualified to select his own staff, which would necessarily be small and compact, yet sufficient to handle the exigencies of each situation as it arose.

The financing of such a unit would involve only a very small amount of government funds, and the outlay would be well justified in view of the vast amount of good which would be

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accomplished. It is fully realized that such a liaison unit would have to be regarded as an experiment until it had proved its actual worth in practice, and it is believed that Great Britain would offer the most fertile field for the establishment of the initial unit.

The situation in England is daily becoming more serious. The unemployment problem grows worse instead of better. Taxation has increased and the country's foreign purchasing power has declined, and while the British public is always distrustful of radical changes in policy, it is beginning to look to us for a way out of its present plight. Indeed, it would be folly not to take advantage of this situation and reap a harvest of trade benefits from the seeds of good will which would be sown by such a liaison unit.

If the unit in Britain were successful, similar units, acting as branches of a head office located at some convenient central spot, could be established in Paris, Berlin, and Rome. In this way the whole of Great Britain and continental Europe could be efficiently covered by four branch liaison units under the control of one main unit which would have direct communication with Washington at all times for all purposes relating to trade and finance, and which would also be in a position to relay to its branches all information which the home government might wish to have unofficially disseminated among the bankers, industrialists, or newspapers of any country in Europe.

The only serious objection to the establishment of such a liaison service is that it would be a duplication of effort, a supplement to existing services. The answer to this objection is very simple. Existing services are in the main purely administrative, and are merely channels of communication organized along definite limited lines. They are so hemmed in by red tape that they can deal only with academic questions, and they function so slowly and formally that they are practically useless in most cases, where time is the essence of the situation.

This proposed liaison service should be considered as a tactical unit, with few if any administrative functions. It would be a time saver and a 'corner cutter'; a substitute, not a supplement. Purely administrative matters, when urgency was not vital, would be turned over to the regular administrative bureaus as before. Furthermore, having no authority *per se*, it could function successfully in many cases in which it would be both impolitic and undiplomatic for the regularly constituted government agencies to participate.

In other words, this liaison service should be able to render invaluable aid as a 'trouble shooter.' As an organization unhampered by precedent or existing regulations, it could apply common sense and sound business principles, getting to the meat of a situation, stating what could or could not be done, and suggesting certain alterations which would make an otherwise unfeasible plan acceptable. A meeting of the liaison service in session would resemble a group of business executives with a common aim trying to set up a sound proposition in such a way as to make it acceptable to their directors and stockholders alike.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A TREATISE ON MONEY. *By J. M. Keynes. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. £1. 10s.*

(A. C. Pigou in the *Nation and Athenæum*, London)

THIS is an ambitious, elaborate, and important book. All serious students of monetary problems will need, not merely to read, but thoroughly to study it. They will, indeed, meet with irritations on the way. There is too much carping at 'current economic theory'—whatever precisely that may be; too much adverse comment upon classes of persons, 'the bankers,' 'the financial purists,' and so on, names not specified; too many naïvely patronizing remarks. It was, perhaps, a fault in Marshall that he discovered more truth in the writings of others than was in fact there, and unduly depreciated his own contributions. There is no fault of that kind in Mr. Keynes! These, however, are minor matters. There is not the slightest doubt that these two volumes constitute a notable addition to economic literature. They do this, in my opinion, not so much by their actual achievement, substantial though that is, as by their general orientation. They embody a sustained and systematic attack on the little-explored territory of 'short-period' economics. They are focused on the processes of change, on what precisely happens during the passage from one state of equilibrium toward another, on—to use a phrase of the author's—the dynamics of the price level. Moreover, an attempt is made to examine these matters, not only qualitatively, but also, so far as the very inadequate statistics allow, quantitatively. Much of this work is of a pioneer character, and, therefore, as Mr. Keynes frankly states, in part based on guesses. But it is, nevertheless, a great advance on anything that has been accomplished hitherto.

Book I is entitled 'The Nature of Money,' and Book II 'The Value of Money.' In the course of the latter Mr. Keynes contends that the term, 'purchasing power of money,' should, in its primary sense, be referred to consumption. 'We mean by the purchasing power of money the power of money to buy the goods and services, on the purchase of which, for purposes of consumption, a given community of individuals expend their money income' (Vol. I, p. 54). There then follows an interesting discussion of index numbers on lines that are, in the main, familiar; but Mr. Keynes succeeds in showing that the advantages of the so-called 'ideal' index number and of the 'chain method' are smaller than some economists—among them the present writer—have been accustomed to suppose.

Books III and IV contain the kernel of the analysis. It is usual for writers on money to set up some simple algebraic equation as a kind of skeleton round which the body of their analysis can be built in an orderly way. Several such skeletons are in common use. They have, of course, no value in themselves, but have often proved useful tools of thought. Mr. Keynes works with a new type of skeleton. It is so constructed as to

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make prominent the part played in price determination by the varying relations between 'saving' and 'investment.' When a man diminishes his consumption and so saves money, this does not necessarily imply that either he or anybody else invests an equivalent amount of money in having capital goods created. The savings may be spilled; and, in general, this spilling carries with it a fall in the price level of consumption goods. The conception thus roughly hinted at was first—at all events in England—investigated in a thorough way by Mr. D. H. Robertson. Mr. Keynes, with the help of his new algebraic equation, builds upon and elaborates Robertson's work. In particular he is enabled by it to give an account of the *modus operandi* of bank rate much superior, as it seems to me, to previous discussions. He claims for his new equation, not, of course, that it is any 'truer' than the equations employed by other writers, but that it enables the causal sequence, in many sorts of industrial disturbance, to be followed with a surer eye. This is, I think, a valid claim.

A second instrument in Mr. Keynes's workshop is a scheme of definitions under which 'profit' and 'loss' constitute the difference—positive and negative—between selling price and cost of the factors of production employed, in such wise that in equilibrium both are nil. When investment exceeds saving, business profits in the above sense occur, and industry is stimulated. When saving exceeds investment, business losses occur; the savings are used up in financing these losses; the losses force business men to contract the scale of their operations; and work-people are dismissed. So long as the disequilibrium between saving and investment continues, whether or not money wages are reduced, unemployment must continually grow worse and worse. In my opinion, this portion of Mr. Keynes's analysis is not altogether satisfactory. Of course, it is true that if people go on, month after month and year after year, withdrawing money from circulation—for this is roughly what it comes to—the conditions of equilibrium are never satisfied, and there is a kind of cumulative debacle. Of course, too, business losses and industrial depressions are associated together. But to make business losses, defined in this way, the hub upon which everything turns seems to me misleading, if not incorrect. In industrial depressions business men are affected both by the low level of the aggregate returns that are accruing to them and by the low level of the marginal returns (in respect of a given outlay) that they expect to accrue to them. It is the whole situation, and not the balancing figure of an arbitrarily defined profit or loss, that governs their conduct. In short, as it seems to me, the relation of falling prices to industrial activity can be studied more effectively on the lines made familiar by Professor Irving Fisher than on those that, in this part of his discussion, are followed by Mr. Keynes. It will be understood, however, that this is a matter for debate among economists, not for one of those *ex cathedra* pronouncements dear to anonymous reviewers.

BOOKS V and VI, which constitute the first half of Volume II, are

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likely, for many readers, to prove the most interesting part of the work. Here are brought together very valuable and suggestive quantitative studies. Of particular interest is the attempt to split deposits into different groups, savings deposits with a nil velocity, business deposits with a high velocity, and income deposits with a moderate one. So far as this splitting is really practicable, Mr. Keynes's method is clearly better than the methods that lump all deposits together and merely enumerate the various considerations upon which the velocity of a 'representative' pound depends. There is no difference in principle, but a substantial advance in realism. Thus it is shown that an important part of the war-time rise of prices in England was due to the transfer of large sums, hitherto held as savings deposits to government account, in purchase of war loans. The tentative estimates of many quantities of high economic significance which Mr. Keynes attempts in these admirable chapters, will, it may be hoped, as he himself strongly urges, stimulate those bankers and others who possess inside knowledge to supplement, correct, and improve them.

After Book VI, which deals with the rate of interest, and about parts of which I feel considerable doubt, comes the concluding book, entitled 'The Management of Money.' This contains a number of practical suggestions. In earlier parts of the work stress was laid on the difficulties which a central bank, desirous of controlling the price level in the interest of internal equilibrium, must experience when it is at the same time linked to the outside world by an international gold standard. Obviously, if the world value of gold rises continually over a long period, no one country can both prevent its domestic price level from falling and also remain on the gold standard. For short periods, however, it is possible in some degree to insulate a single country from the effects of outside monetary disturbances. If its central bank has large enough stocks of gold to enable it to view with equanimity substantial withdrawals, this can be done. Mr. Keynes makes an ingenious suggestion —or rather repeats one that he had already made in his *Tract on Monetary Reform*—for an improved method of insulation. The Bank of England—as also the central banks of other countries—should, he thinks, be authorized to maintain a gap of 2 per cent between its buying price and its selling price for gold. 'The object of this reform is to enable a central bank to protect the credit structure of its own country from the repercussions of purely temporary disturbances abroad, while the laws of long-period equilibrium will remain the same as before' (Vol. II, p. 326). This book also contains important suggestions about gold-reserve laws and also about such matters as the services to international coöperation to be looked for from the Bank of International Settlements, on which an academic outsider like the present writer is not qualified to comment.

It will be understood that, in a notice of this character, written for a nontechnical journal, it has not been possible—even apart from the inevitable gaps in the reviewer's knowledge—to discuss adequately a closely reasoned scientific work of nearly eight hundred pages. About large

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parts of it I have said nothing at all; and what I have said has necessarily been in very rough outline. Though there are several sections of Vol. II in which the general reader will find interest, the book is addressed in the main to professional economists and monetary experts. But the subject-matter has a direct and very important bearing upon affairs; for a right understanding and a right treatment of monetary problems would undoubtedly much alleviate the endemic disease of unemployment. I entertain the hope, therefore, and economists who disagree as well as those who agree with Mr. Keynes's main theses will be of one mind in this, that before long he will write a shorter and less severely technical volume in which the broad outline of his thought is made accessible to the general body of politically minded persons.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN CHINA. *By Jermyn Chi-hung Lynn. Peking: French Book Store. 1930.*

THE INNER HISTORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. *By Tang Liang-li. London: George Routledge. 1930.*

(George Bronson Rea in the *Far Eastern Review*, Shanghai)

AT LAST the outside world is permitted to glimpse what has actually taken place behind the screen in China. For years, all the worthwhile books on the country have been written by so-called foreign experts and authorities, but in the last two decades a group of young Chinese graduates of European and American colleges have entered the field as exponents of their own problems. Up to last year, the majority of these books and studies have been concerned almost exclusively with international politics defending China's case against the unequal treaties and so-called outside aggression. When the Kuomintang united the nation and arrogated to itself the exclusive right to dictate national affairs, it excluded from membership and participation in government many of the most brilliant minds in this new group. These men, frozen out of public life, are now revealing the inside working of what passes for politics in their country.

For a perfect understanding of what it has all been about, read *Political Parties in China* by Jermyn Chi-hung Lynn, an answer to the propaganda of the Kuomintang and writings of sentimental idealists who see behind the present movement a real urge on the part of a people toward democracy. The author is an authority on his subject. For fifteen years he was a secretary in the Ministry of the Interior in Peking and at different times served as adviser to Wu Pei-fu, Chang Tso-lin, Tuan Chi-jui, and other leaders, with unusual opportunities of following the inner workings of events in the recent political life of the country.

Even to those of us who have labored under the delusion that we knew something of what was taking place, this book comes as a revelation, an astounding exposé of what has been going on behind the scenes. How often have we been puzzled to account for currents and cross currents, the permutations and combinations, the transformations and realignments, the sudden conversions and almost imperceptible evolutions and involutions of Chinese political parties and personalities of the past few years? How often have we been misled by the

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political claptrap of skilled propagandists or of glib spokesmen of the war lords into accepting their highly colored explanations of political happenings in China, yet all the time feeling that the truth was being concealed?

Well, at last we have what purports to be the truth from a Chinese source, and we find that the science of warfare and politics as practised in China has undergone no change in four thousand years. The picture so graphically painted by Mr. Lynn is the most nauseating recital of betrayals, double-crossings, perfidies, bribery, cowardice, assassinations, corruption, and vice that has ever been presented as political history. There are in the book only two personalities, Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Wu Pei-fu, to relieve the sordid monotony of political debauchery; two honest men and patriots in a phantasmagoria of grafters, crooks, assassins, opium fiends, gamblers, Judas Iscariots, and worse, who at some time or other have come to the top and directed the affairs of China through leadership or membership in some political party or clique.

Dr. J. C. Ferguson, unquestionably an expert and one of our best Chinese scholars, in a foreword to the book reminds us that

> political parties like individuals have race characteristics. In China there is a tradition that it is the duty of those in power to set an example which the people may follow and with this as a basis it can be said that the primary object of all political parties has been to seize power so as to be able to bring their ideas to the attention of the masses. Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao had been distinguished writers on political topics for several years before they attempted to gain the controlling power of the state through their influence over the Emperor Kuang Hsu. They believed that this power was necessary in order to make possible the carrying out of the reforms which they advocated. Their example has been followed by all subsequent party organizations, which have one by one seized the reins of government. The only party which has succeeded in gaining an approximate control of the whole country is the Kuomintang, usually called the National Party. Since it seized the government by its successful military campaign, it has had as its aim the forcing of its political theories, as embodied in the San Min Chi I of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, upon the people. In pursuing this course, it has followed the traditional methods of all previous political parties in China.

Dr. Ferguson has lived and moved in the midst of these changes and is perhaps the most competent foreign authority on the policies and politics of the various régimes which have ruled the Chinese nation from Peking for the last two decades. When this expert vouches for the historical accuracy of the book and its lack of political bias, it cannot be lightly set aside and ignored. 'More of this type of writing,' says Dr. Ferguson, 'is desirable and necessary in order that intelligent persons may understand the trend of current events and their inevitable implications.'

Another book on the same general subject is *The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution*, by Mr. Tang Liang-li, representative in Great Britain and correspondent in Europe of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. This book shows expert editing and a splendid use of English, and we sense in it the polishing touch of those masters of publicity who are directing the Socialist movement in England. The book is contemporary history at its best, clear, dramatic, and full of detail, another rending of the veil, disclosing to the world the inner workings of politics in China during the revolutionary period

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and especially during the past three years.

The book is an inside history of the Kuomintang Party, leading up to the seizure of power by the group now in Nanking. Like Mr. Lynn's exposé, it relates in detail the spectacular changes of front on the part of the various leaders of the revolutionary movement, giving strength to the belief that peace and stability in China are still a long way off. Mr. Tang leaves us exactly where Mr. Lynn does, when he says:—

> But, anyway, it will take a long time before China can witness all her political battles being fought out on the floors of parliaments. At present not the slightest trace of democracy can be found in any part of the country, and the people are divided into tyrants and slaves. Like the other peoples of the world, the Chinese will never be satisfied until they be given a true democratic form of government.
>
> The question is on the lips of nearly everybody, how long can the Kuomintang rule last in China. To be frank, the Kuomintang rule cannot last very long in its present state of affairs. For no public organization built on nepotism can endure for any length of time. Nor can a government 'without the consent of the governed' be very lasting. . . . Under the circumstances, the most sensible thing for the Kuomintang men to do is immediately to call a parliament or a people's conference as outlined by the late Dr. Sun. Short of this, the present oligarchy in Nanking will eventually collapse like a house of cards.

One conclusion arrived at after reading these two books is that the day of the foreign propagandist in the employ of Chinese governments is over. The Chinese are now quite competent to fight their own political battles in the press, and in the welter of give and take they themselves will expose the real truth about conditions in the country.

The impression is gained that as long as the present régime in Nanking continues to function without recognizing the left, it will be subjected to an intense propaganda abroad that will counteract its own publicity. In Mr. Tang's acknowledgment of assistance in the preparation of his book, there is a list of names which indicates clearly that the Leftists in China have the powerful support of some of the foremost publicists and moulders of public opinion in Europe, whose influence will be exerted to block any scheme to strengthen Nanking under its present leadership.

It is regrettable that this should be so, for although Nanking is by no means perfect, yet with all its shortcomings it represents a distinct advance over the old order of things and it is to be hoped that the split in the Kuomintang can be patched up and a real unification brought about in order to avoid a recurrence of the insensate struggle for power which has brought ruin and misery to millions of peace-loving people.

THE NATURE OF LIVING MATTER. *By Prof. L. T. Hogben. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1930. 15s.*

(J. B. S. Haldane in the *Spectator*, London)

THE VIEW is apparently held in many quarters that science has rejected, or is soon likely to reject, materialism. This belief is partly due to the writings of distinguished mathematicians such as Professors Eddington and Jeans, partly to assertions by objectors to materialism who have no first-hand knowledge of science. Not being (so far as I know) a materialist myself, I can lay claim to a certain objectivity in stating that the large majority of young scientific workers

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known to me are, at least in the laboratory, materialists, and show no sign of being anything else in the near future, simply because the materialistic point of view is at present a fruitful one in scientific work. It therefore behooves those who are interested in the influence of science on life to make themselves acquainted with a statement of the materialistic standpoint, however repugnant it may be to their reason or their emotions. Such a statement is Professor Hogben's *The Nature of Living Matter*. It is not, as might be expected from its title, a treatise on proteins, carbohydrates, and fats, but an extremely lively discussion of a number of topics, ranging from religion and art criticism to eugenics and Darwinism, from the point of view of a believer in the thesis that conscious human behavior, and, *a fortiori*, the simpler manifestations of life, are explicable in large degree in terms of physics and chemistry, and that there is no reason to set any limit to such explicability. Professor Hogben does not call his philosophy materialism, but 'publicism.' However, it is essentially what the ordinary person means by materialism, not only in its lack of metaphysics, but in its lack of ethics. 'Our expectation of life has increased as we have learned to worry less about the good life and more about the good drain' is a fair sample of the 'ethically neutral' character of this standpoint.

Now, in spite of the fact that Professor Hogben is a somewhat ferocious controversialist, it would be possible to contend that his philosophy is based on an almost exaggerated cult of politeness. Solipsism might conceivably be true, but it is certainly rude. Professor Hogben goes to the opposite extreme. He admits the existence of a 'private world' for each of us, to which belong, among other things, our ethical and æsthetic values. But these, he holds, are no more communicable than the quality of our sensations. Discourse should be confined to statements which can be made in terms perfectly neutral as between Mr. A and Mr. B. Otherwise it is liable to outstrip the confines of politeness. 'The Roundheads,' writes Professor Hogben, 'realized that transcendental ethics cannot be made the subject of argument. They acted intelligibly on the assumption that the only answer to the divine right of kings was to make a spectacle of the head of Charles Stuart to gods and men.'

Not being so polite as Professor Hogben, I suspect that the 'public world' may be a little more extensive than he supposes, and may even include universals as well as material objects. But because he chooses to limit the field of discourse we have no right on that ground to criticize his conclusions within the chosen field. You cannot reject explanations of the behavior of material systems because they do not take account of consciousness. You can only do so because certain material phenomena are not explained.

The book before us is a collection of essays falling into three parts. The first and third, which are more philosophical, may be said to centre round an attack on the views, or rather the linguistic behavior, of my father, Professor J. S. Haldane, General Smuts, Professor Eddington, and all other actual or potential Gifford lecturers. The second part is an equally unsparing criticism of Darwin, Lamarck, Weismann, and their followers, and

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of eugenics as popularly preached. It is good controversy but it is a great deal more. It is almost all good science and much of it good literature. The combination of all three has been extremely rare since the days of T. H. Huxley.

In his more philosophical argument I cannot go all the way with Professor Hogben, for the following reason: I am no philosopher, but a working biologist, and I will use any intellectual tools which are likely to help me in my work, even if I am not convinced that their use is ultimately justifiable. Thus I am not prepared to give up the teleological idea of the function of an organ as a guide to the sort of problems which I should investigate. I am quite aware that, when it comes to actual experiment, if I want a definite answer I must not ask, 'What is the function of the frog's brain?' but, 'What differences are caused in the frog's behavior if its brain is altered in certain specified ways, or removed?' Nevertheless, I think that the idea of function helps me to coördinate the facts of physiology, provided I do not take it too seriously, and insist that every part of the body must have a function.

As against General Smuts, I think Professor Hogben has the best of the argument. His most important point against Professor Haldane is that the latter, at the time when he delivered his Gifford lectures, had not taken Pavlov's work on conditioned reflexes into account when he stated that a physico-chemical point of view could not tell us anything regarding the distinctive characters of conscious behavior. At that time Pavlov's work had only just become available in English, and the best known other attempt on the same lines, Watson's *Behaviorism*, was based on erroneous physiology. Pavlov is very stiff reading, and even Professor Hogben's summary is not easy, being, indeed, the only part of his book which might give the ordinary reader pause. I hope, however, that my father has now read, or will shortly read, Pavlov's collected papers with a view to a counter attack on Professor Hogben. The section of the book which deals with evolution is substantially correct. Darwin's statement of the principle of natural selection was wrong in several respects, owing to his mistaken views on heredity. Nevertheless, Professor Hogben does not always do him justice. 'We now know,' he writes, 'that the kind of variations which Darwin regarded as the raw material for the selective process are not generally hereditable.' This may be true in some cases. It is certainly not true in the case of highly polymorphic species such as man, dog, or dahlia. Nor is he aware of the striking results of recent experimental work with plants. He quotes Bateson's statement that 'the production of an indubitably sterile hybrid from completely fertile parents, which have arisen under critical observation from a common origin, is the event for which we wait.' This event, which may be regarded as proof of the creation of a new species, has now taken place.

His discussion of natural selection also loses somewhat in value from the fact that he is clearly unacquainted with the experimental work of Sukachev, Pisarev, and other recent workers on that topic. This arises from the

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same cause as my father's possibly inadequate consideration of Pavlov's work. Both have been largely carried out in Russia since the Revolution. Again, it is perhaps true that, 'given unlimited time in a Mendelian universe in which natural selection did not operate, all the species we know to-day would be present, and many more besides.' But since the total mass of a population consisting of one example of each of the possible varieties of one single species would greatly exceed that of all the known spiral nebulæ, a 'Mendelian universe' would be very unlike our own. Natural selection is needed to explain why evolution has actually occurred in a finite time and on the earth's surface.

If Professor Hogben is perhaps a shade hypercritical, it is at least clear that he is intellectually honest in his criticism. He could have made out a far better case for a mechanistic interpretation of life if he had not pointed out the difficulties which still exist in accounting for evolution. His attack on eugenics would have been much more conclusive had he allowed himself to omit certain facts in its favor. I think it perfectly possible that ten years of study of the problem may convert him into an enthusiastic eugenist, though his views on desirable human types are likely to differ from those of Dean Inge. If so, he will certainly not be afriad to admit his conversion.

To sum up, this is a book with the virtues and defects of youth. It is extremely well written, and displays a very wide knowledge of the history of science and philosophy. Everyone will find something in it to disagree with, and every unprejudiced person much to agree with. I hope that it will be the first of many. But Professor Hogben's converts will be limited, for a reason which he himself points out. He remarks that introverts tend to base their philosophy on introspection, and extroverts on experience of the external world. This book may appeal to extroverts, but introverts are likely to find Professor Hogben's world devoid of those qualities which they most value.

ÉVA OR LE JOURNAL INTERROMPU. *By Jacques Chardonne. Paris: Bernard Grasset. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930.*

(Dominique Braga in *Europe*, Paris)

A MASTERPIECE. And the writer who has two masterpieces to his credit—*Épithalame* was the first—is, I proclaim, blessed of the gods. Though M. Jacques Chardonne should die, his works already constitute an enduring memorial. *Éva*, which is in the same vein as *Épithalame*, is not a continuation but a repetition in a different key. Not everything can be said in a single work; many important things must often be omitted. M. Chardonne was tormented by the things left unsaid in *Épithalame*, so he took up his pen and wrote *Éva*.

Éva belongs to the royal lineage of French analysis. A brief, concise book, it gives glowing expression to certain states of mind. The allusions are as important as the definitions, and how exact are the latter, how striking, how worthy of inclusion in a collection of moral thoughts and maxims. The reader is borne along in a steady but scarcely discernible stream. Everything has its purpose; even the seemingly superfluous modulations furnish moments of musical silence and

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humanize the principal character without reducing him to a mere slave of love.

This hero, whose name matters little, is a feeble creature, but that is not the point. The book is not called *Peter* or *Paul* or *John*, but *Éva*, and thus the author shows clearly that what interests him is not character but feeling—his protagonist's way of loving considered as an absolute quality. It is true that Éva's husband is reduced, by virtue of his mania, to a type, and that this type disconcerts us and does not give the impression of what we crudely call 'reality'; for everything which does not contribute to the portrayal of one-sided love has been intentionally omitted. But in this rarefied domain, this world of glass and crystal, M. Jacques Chardonne reigns supreme.

PHILIP EULENBURG: THE KAISER'S FRIEND. *By Johannes Haller. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. London: Martin Secker. 2 vols. 1930. 30s.*

(Ian F. Morrow in the *Observer*, London)

'TRULY AMAZING!' is the exclamation that arises to the lips of the reader on laying down Professor Haller's sympathetic biography of Prince Philip Eulenburg, who through two decades was the Kaiser's loyal friend and mentor. Amazing the picture painted of the court and life of the monarch whom King Edward justly styled 'the most brilliant failure known to history'; amazing the portrait drawn of that monarch himself in all his superficial cleverness, instability, neuroticism, and astounding want of breeding; and still more amazing the thumb-nail sketches of the men by whom the Kaiser was surrounded and flattered and befooled. Not since the eighteenth century, and perhaps not since the Renaissance, can there have existed a court in which intrigue and sycophancy were so rife as in the court of William II.

Fools and mummers were there in plenty—and not a few knaves; but of all the uniformed crowd whose duty it was to amuse and listen to their Imperial master, scarcely one was to be found who had the uprightness of character and the moral courage to tell him the truth. The one exception was the Kaiser's friend—Philip Eulenburg. He never shirked the highly dangerous task, and, if he clothed the unpalatable truth in honeyed phrases, he never did so to such an extent that its bitter taste would be hidden from the Kaiser's tongue. When the Kaiser, in a telegram sent *en clair* to Eulenburg, who was then Prussian minister in Munich, spoke of the 'idiotic Bavarian loyalists,' and added, 'How often have I laughed over the incredible folly of the good Bavarians,' Eulenburg administered a sharp reproof. 'When Your Majesty telegraphs *en clair* such expressions as "idiotic Bavarian loyalists," and "foolish Bavarians," Your Majesty compromises himself, Your Majesty's Government, and Your Majesty's ambassador. . . . That message of yesterday wounds the Bavarians in their most sensitive spot—their vanity. It may have consequences of which we can as yet form no conception. Or does Your Majesty *want* a fight?' It must be admitted in the Kaiser's favor that he does not seem to have borne any malice toward Eulenburg for his plain speaking. Unhappily, both for the Kaiser and

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for Germany, Eulenburg's admonitions failed of effect upon his volatile monarch. 'The poor Emperor,' he wrote in 1894, only six years after William II had ascended the throne, 'is getting on everyone's nerves, but there is no help for it. When a marriage turns out badly the pair can separate. Between people and sovereign that is not such an easy matter. So the unhappy marriage must only go on.' And go on it did, until, in November 1918, the aged, disgraced, and physically broken Eulenburg was granted the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his own worst prophecies fulfilled in the Kaiser's flight to Holland and the establishment of the German Republic.

As delineated by Professor Haller's possibly too sympathetic pencil, Eulenburg stands out head and shoulders above the time-serving courtiers and brusque Prussian officers among whom he was fated to pass the majority of his days. A veritable grand seignior, an artist to the finger tips, musician and composer and friend of Cosima Wagner, a brilliant writer and *causeur*, sensitive and sympathetic and intuitive, Philip Eulenburg was above all else a great gentleman at a court where gentlemen, in the true sense of the word, were conspicuous by their absence. On reading his own letters and dispatches, and still more Professor Haller's story of the tragic close to his public life, it becomes easy to understand how Count Witte, on a visit, in 1905, to the Emperor at Rominten, noted in his diary: 'Pour tous ceux qui étaient présents, c'était en réalité le comte Eulenburg qui paraissait le souverain.' Fate, however, had denied Eulenburg the purple mantle and assigned to him instead the thankless rôle of an emperor's friend. How thankless and tragic that rôle was to prove in Eulenburg's case the reader must be left to learn from Professor Haller, whose dramatic and moving narration has gained rather than lost in vividness in Miss Colburn Mayne's English translation.

It was a favorite thesis of the late Prince Bülow that the storm clouds only gathered over Germany after his own fall from power in 1909—like many other notions of 'the German Machiavelli' it was very far removed from the truth. As early as 1894 Eulenburg wrote: 'Everyone snapping at everyone else, hating everyone else, lying about everyone else, betraying everyone else—they are drawing the chariot of state, indeed, but not for love of the poor Emperor, who really means well, and yet is forever stirring up the state soup kettle with his self-invented spoon, and preventing it from turning into any sort of soup at all.' And a month later: 'More frequently than ever before I feel as if I were living in a madhouse. Insane narrow-mindedness—insane controversies—insane arrogance. Bedlam—bedlam—bedlam!' After this book it will be unnecessary and will ill become the foreigner to pass judgment upon William II and his generals and statesmen. It has been done by the pen of a Prussian gentleman and a Prussian patriot.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Toward Television

With a patriotic boast such as Englishmen never used to indulge in when they knew they owned the earth, Mr. G. A. Atkinson, film critic on the London *Daily Telegraph*, announces that 'an original system, as British as its inventors,' has been developed for transmitting movies or scenes from real life by radio. This system, Mr. Atkinson assures us, 'is not associated in any way with the demonstration given in America by Dr. Alexanderson of the Radio Corporation.' Yet its results do not sound impressive. The Gramophone ('His Master's Voice') Company has revealed to a few chosen guests at the Physical and Optical Society's exhibition at South Kensington an old and battered newsreel of the eminent cricketer, Jack Hobbs, which, Mr. Atkinson asserts, reproduced seventy-five per cent of 'the general lighting and detail of the original.' He adds that 'the general effect was that of looking at a performance of miniature films lacking full illumination.' The technical aspects of the new invention Mr. Atkinson sums up for lay readers in these words:—

'The films are passed through an ordinary, standard-sized film projector. This is connected with a selective apparatus that dissects each picture into its component elements of light and shade, a process known as "scanning." Each light element, as it leaves the scanning device, is transformed into an electrical impulse, carried over wires, and retransformed as a light element on the screen in a position corresponding exactly to its place in the original picture.'

How clearly the picture emerges depends on how many light elements can be transmitted per second. It is estimated that the minimum speed of transmission at which moving pictures can be effectively shown on the screen is twelve and a half images per second, which was the rate attained by the British televisionists, although the average movie machine runs at the rate of sixteen images per second. Nor are films the only things that can be 'televised.' Any image, moving or still, that can be formed in a translucent reflector such as a ground-glass screen can be sent through the air just like a film. Mr. Atkinson concludes with this reflection:—

'All this definitely opens up the near prospect of a new entertainment era, apart from the other almost infinite uses of television. For the first time in history a stage or film producer will be able to take his show to the public instead of waiting for the public to come to his show. The removal of that disability will be a tremendous revolution. Questions of color and sound synchronization still remain to be settled, but they do not present insuperable difficulties.'

A Budapest Book-Selling Comedy

The book business in Budapest has been suffering so severely from the world trade depression that the proprietor of one of the oldest bookshops in the city had to resort to an advertising stunt that ended him up in court. Leopold Bichl, heir to a family enterprise one hundred years old, boasts that he has read every one of the many thousand books he sells, but his industry was put to the test when it came to discovering a literary work popular enough to save him from threatening bankruptcy. As Christmas was approaching he made a last desperate search through his shelves and finally issued the following advertisement:—

'What Must a Young Girl Know before Marriage? From the Book which I will

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supply to order, the Young Girl will learn, not those things which every Young Girl is told before Marriage, but what the Young Girl of To-day will find it Indispensable to know. For reasons easily to be understood, it is not possible to sell such a book over the counter, but on receipt of the price, four pengoe, the book will be sent, discreetly packed, to any address.'

The public of course responded and orders poured in at the rate of two thousand a week from men and women alike. The business was saved. But trouble presently developed. Complaints arrived from various customers who protested that the book was not what it claimed to be. For what Mr. Bichl had done was to dispose of a great quantity of cookbooks dating from the nineteenth century, one of which, entitled *Lazy Little Lulu Learns Cookery*, had particularly infuriated one of his male customers. Poor Bichl was haled into court, but the judge instructed the jury to find him 'not guilty' and went out of his way to approve of the defendant's strategy in the following words:—

'I am of precisely the same opinion as M. Bichl. To my mind cooking is precisely what the young girl must know before marriage. More especially do I agree that such knowledge is indispensable to the young girl of to-day. If the applicants were ashamed to ask to see the book before sending in the money, that is their affair. I am afraid that what they were looking for might have proved much less edifying than a sound knowledge of cookery.'

England's Specialized Education

DR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER has written a book on American, English, and German universities which has created a great stir in academic circles because it accuses the higher educationalists in the United States of encouraging practical studies at the expense of true culture. This state of affairs is contrasted with conditions in England—especially in Oxford and Cambridge—where, Dr. Flexner asserts, the tendency is too much in the opposite direction. But Sir Charles Grant Robertson, Vice Chancellor of the University of Birmingham, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Honorary Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, would hardly agree with this opinion. Sir Charles, who has devoted most of his life to teaching in Oxford, has made an important address in which he criticized the British educational system on much the same grounds on which Dr. Flexner criticizes the American. Greek, he says, has 'virtually disappeared' from the secondary schools and 'Latin has been reduced to a number of periods for which it fights barely as an equal with a dozen new subjects.' He complains that altogether too much time is devoted to teaching specialized scientific subjects and then winds up his argument as follows:—

'You can regard me if you wish as a jaundiced critic, but let me add that my anxiety is shared by many of the authoritative representatives of science. Nothing has more impressed me as a member of the committee on biology than the evidence of one distinguished scientist after another, emphasizing the increasing danger of breeding a race of illiterate and premature specialists. The annual reports of the committee on scientific and industrial research have for some years been showing the same red light of warning. Let me remind you also that the danger is not to the cause of science to-day or to-morrow, but twenty-five years ahead.

'In the great renaissance of the last fifty years science has been represented in the universities, the schools, and the nation as a whole by men of powerful minds and forceful personality, but also with a wide basis of general culture. These men are not the products of the educational system of to-day, but of a system which, curiously enough, they are largely responsible for destroying.

'Who, and what intellectual type,

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will represent science in the schools, in the universities, and in the nation thirty years hence? Of one thing we may be quite certain, great causes and the cardinal generative ideas which mould a nation's civilization depend on the persons who advocate them and on the intrinsic quality and value of the ideas that they advocate. I put to you the question: Are you satisfied that the young generation trained in and for science to-day will be able ten, twenty, thirty years hence to convince the nation of what science can do for the human mind as their predecessors unquestionably and deservedly have done? I wish, in the interests of science and of the nation to come, that I could answer the question with an unhesitating affirmative. But, frankly, I cannot.'

Spinelly Abroad

JUST AS THE United States owes whatever prestige it enjoys abroad to its movies, typewriters, and automobiles, so France penetrates other countries through the medium of culture. The theatrical troupe of Mlle. Spinelly is a case in point. It has just returned from a triumphant tour of South America and Italy, where it has been spreading the immortal heritage of France in the form of such Old World masterpieces as *Kiki*, *L'Amour à l'américaine*, and *Peg de mon cœur*. Spinelly herself, a former denizen of Montmartre, was interviewed in Paris, and, after paying homage to her supporting cast as eloquently as if she were Admiral Byrd talking about his dog team and Harold June, she expatiated on the enthusiasm of her audiences and critics. The Latin races have always prided themselves on their discrimination in things of the spirit and we receive fresh evidence of their sensitiveness to beauty in these words of Benjamin Lima, a Rio de Janeiro dramatic critic:—

'I shall not make myself ridiculous attempting to define the personality and the nature of the genius of such an artist, on whom the most eminent of my French fellow critics have written opinions that we must accept as final. If I had the weakness to yield to the temptation of making comparisons, I should confess that Spinelly awakened in me the memory of the glorious Réjane. Certainly I shall not be pretentious enough to assert that her talent is superior to the talent of that grand artist, but I am inclined to believe that the talent of each draws its vitality from the same sources and that Spinelly is to our epoch what Réjane was to hers.'

And Benjamin Costella, another dramatic critic in the same city, asserts that Spinelly's tights are 'as celebrated in France as the victories of Napoleon.' In Buenos Aires one newspaper speaks of Spinelly as 'the air of Paris' and another says that she is 'one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the Parisian stars who have played upon our stage.' Since this includes Cecile Sorel and Sarah Bernhardt—though not Maurice Chevalier—it is quite a compliment.

The Italians showed considerably less enthusiasm, perhaps because of Mussolini's disapproval of things French, but Spinelly is now off for Belgium, where the compatriots of Maeterlinck will no doubt appreciate her at her true worth.

Counterfeit Camembert

GORDON PHILLIPS, better known under his pen name of 'Lucio,' is one of the few Englishmen left who keep up the Gilbertian tradition in light verse. Nearly every week he delights the readers of the *Manchester Guardian* by turning to ridicule some odd bit of news that has come under his appreciative eye. It was therefore not to be expected that the Norman manufacturers of genuine Camembert cheese could escape his humorous attentions when they made public their intention of issuing with each cheese they sell a diploma certifying its authenticity. Mr. Phillips attempted to save them this trouble by issuing the following appeal to the

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better nature of whoever is responsible for passing off counterfeit Camemberts on an unsuspecting market:—

Forge a check or forge a fiver,
And your sin may be excused;
To the wretch who lacks a stiver
Pardon may not be refused;
Forge a 'genuine Old Master,'
Fake it with determined care,
But avoid one foul disaster—
Do not forge a Camembert.

Forge a fiddle or viola,
Forge a Strad with antique touch;
Forge the cheese of Gorgonzola,
Forge that fearful stuff called Dutch;
Forge with polished skill and slowly
Jacobean chest or chair,
But one work of art is holy—
Do not forge a Camembert.

Leave its noble realm unraided,
Don't infringe this copyright;
So that I may still, unaided,
Recognize the brand at sight (?),
Saying, as its ripe aroma
Hangs upon the humid air,
'Nay, I need no signed diploma—
This, I trow, is Camembert!'

Bülow Blackmailed

PROFESSOR JOHANNES HALLER, author of a life of Prince Eulenburg that is reviewed in our book-review department, has written a sensational article for the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in which he argues that a childhood love-affair between Bülow's wife and a Polish pianist was one of the major causes of the World War. Here are the facts. Princess Bülow, who was born the Princess Maria Camporeale of Bologna, had been a pupil of Liszt, and had met a gifted piano virtuoso named Karl Tausig who wrote her a number of passionately devoted love letters which she always kept locked in a little inlaid box. The princess, before marrying Bülow, had been the wife of Count Dönhoff, but the Vatican, in accordance with the principles so clearly expounded in the latest Papal Encyclical, annulled the marriage so that she might marry Bülow. Herbert Bismarck and his father both objected to such unconventional behavior and most of the German nobility agreed with them. In consequence the young princess had to be more than usually circumspect.

At this point, Von Holstein, the evil genius of the German Foreign Office who steadily opposed Anglo-German coöperation and who believed that telling lies was a necessary part of every diplomat's business, entered the picture. Unable to resist the fascination of anything that anybody kept under lock and key, he acquired possession of the contents of Princess Bülow's box. The rest is blackmail. When the princess discovered her loss she told her husband—who later remarked what a pity it was that he had no ear for music—and from that day forth Bülow was at Holstein's mercy. What Professor Haller insists upon is that Bülow was forced to submit to Von Holstein's militant Morocco policy and also had to cease playing the rôle of mediator between England and Germany. For one more scandal about his wife—however trivial the facts may have been—would have finished her career and his. The story is not a new one, but Professor Haller's belief in it removes it from the field of gossip and places it in the field of history.

An Unpublished Meredith Sonnet

ON DECEMBER 29, 1865, George Meredith wrote a sonnet in praise of France which he dedicated and sent to his friend, Pierre Antoine Labouchère of Nantes, and which has just been discovered in a collection of autographs bequeathed by M. Labouchère to the library of his native city. An explanatory note that appears along with the sonnet itself in the *Nineteenth Century and After* states that the man to whom the poem was sent was the son of a distinguished French Protestant who had married a Norwegian

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wife. Pierre Antoine Labouchère was born in 1807, educated in England and Germany, and went to the United States at the age of twenty as secretary to Joshua Bates, founder of the Boston Public Library and a prominent banker. Soon, however, the young man turned to painting, his favorite subjects being scenes of Protestant life and history. He died in 1873, broken-hearted by his country's defeat in the Franco-Prussian War. The sonnet, which has never before been published, runs as follows:—

Oft have I looked on France with envy vain,
Not of her vines, nor of her sunny land,
Nor of her glory; but of that bright band,
The Wits by whom huge Dulness has been slain;
Who seem'd another Saturn in his reign,
And with his Titans dared a mortal hand
To find his headpiece vulnerably plann'd:—
Transfix'd is he by arrows of the brain!
Of these keen archers, Molière and Montaigne
To me are dearest: for these two combine
Wisdom and laughter: these I am full fain
To call most precious countrymen of mine:
They bridge the Channel waters once again,
And add a proof that Genius is divine.

The Heir to Gilbert

A. P. HERBERT, who frequently contributes to *Punch* and the *Week-end Review* and whose latest novel, *The Water Gypsies*, is having a good sale on both sides of the Atlantic, has written an operetta which has caused him to be described as the heir to W. S. Gilbert. The work in question is called *Tantivy Towers* and it has to do with the conflict between the artist and the man of action, between the Bohemians of Chelsea and the county aristocracy, between Headache House and Horseback Hall. Both groups are held up to ridicule. Of the modernistic female figure one of Mr. Herbert's characters sings:—

Was Sheba the Queen who made Solomon gape
A collection of parallel lines?
Was Juliet just an elliptical shape
With a few geometrical signs?
Paint peonies green
And I see what you mean,
Paint eyes like an ostrich's eggs,
But *is* it the case
That the girls of our race
Have such very triangular legs?

But the poet is given—or rather gives himself—his due:—

We are the wizards who see
Laughter and love for you all,
Leave you our griefs in a song,
Or paint our poor hearts on a wall:
We are the children who see
Earth as God meant it to be.
We are the fearless, the tender, the true,
So it's up with the Poet and down, Sir, with you!

Lord Harkaway, the county aristocrat, has a different philosophy of life:—

Well, a chap must do somethin', I always tell chaps,
For if a chap does n't a chap will collapse,
And a chap keeps as fit as a chap could be wishin',
As long as there's huntin' and shootin' and fishin'.

At times the lyrics really verge on the lyrical:—

On the sunny hillside, the old house dreaming,
Bees in the border, swallows in the eaves;
Down through the tree tops the silver river gleaming
Drowsily the tiny boats drift like fallen leaves.

But wit is the essence of the piece. A 'Flunkeys' Chorus' sings:—

There are some things which are not done.
To shoot a fox, of course, is one.

And just to give the other side of the case, another character remarks:—

I know a sentimentalist
Who thinks that pheasants should be kissed;
I never saw that man resist
A nice roast bird.

Thomas F. Dunhill has provided the music and Nigel Playfair has staged the production at the Lyric Theatre in Ham-

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mersmith, where many successful enterprises—including the revival of the *Beggars' Opera*—have had their beginnings.

Tagore Receives

ON HIS WAY back to India via England Rabindranath Tagore stopped off in London long enough to hold a reception attended by such representative Britishers as Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, and Sir Norman Angell. To this select group, the sage of the Orient announced that individuality is the curse of the West but that the traditions of humanity and freedom which Western poets have helped to spread throughout the East have now fallen out of favor in the countries where they originated. He told, for instance, how a young friend of his had once waked him in the middle of the night to quote a line of Keats, but 'since then things have changed.' The Orient, he continued, 'tried to repudiate the West, but deep in our being there is a real admiration and reverence for the great things which truly represent Western humanity, and we have within us from the beginning of our lives that cultural meeting of East and West.'

His remarks on nationalism are particularly significant in the light of Gandhi's great prestige: 'The nationalism of to-day, which has become too rampant and self-assertive, that, too, we got from Western sources. We borrowed the spirit of nationalism from the West, and that is another sign of our deep admiration for Western civilization.'

Here is what he thinks of European politics:—

'Your politics here represent the same aggressive individualism. We cannot altogether obliterate national temperamental differences. There must be separateness between peoples. When it is merely on the surface, it does n't hurt, but when it is caused by selfishness, greed, and antipathy, then it is not the separateness of national demarcations but darkness and the bottomless abyss.

'You have seen the mischief of this, and have tried to bring about peace through the agency of the League of Nations, but there the nations are represented not by their dreamers and idealists but by their politicians. I can't think that this is right in any work which is meant to establish peace. It is like organizing a band of robbers into a police department. I have traveled in different countries lately, and everywhere I have seen signs of sufferings caused by these very politicians—how they have bungled their peace conference and to what an end they have brought this great civilization.'

Dr. Tagore is trying to apply his own theories in India, where he is collaborating with the All Peoples Association to create an atmosphere of sympathy. The comparative importance of Gandhi and himself indicates just about how successful these efforts are.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America's Foreign Policy

A LENGTHY editorial note in the London *Economist* analyzes the foreign policy of the United States and attempts to explain some of its peculiarities. In spite of the fact that Americans have lately taken more interest in other countries, most of us remain pioneers, not diplomats:—

The qualities which the battle of life evokes in the pioneer and in the diplomatist are exactly antithetical. Your successful pioneer is a man who takes liberties with his environment, who carries a whole continent by storm. His business is with brute matter, not with human beings of like passions with himself; audacity and improvisation are the signs under which he conquers; and, if caution and tact and a sympathetic understanding of other peoples' points of view had been his dominant traits, they would never have carried him west of the Alleghanies. The diplomatist's virtues are the pioneer's vices. But what happens when the pioneer succeeds so well that he subdues his continent by main force and so bursts beyond its bounds into new relations with the rest of the world? Is not the converse likely to be true? Are not the pioneer's virtues likely to work havoc when he turns away from hewing down his forests and ploughing up his prairies in order to rub shoulders again with his fellow men? Will he learn how to move as one must move in crowded places, walking circumspectly without giving offense or taking it? Or will he jostle his way through, seeing men as trees walking and failing to realize until too late that these walking trees are really dangerous wild animals of his own species?

The *Economist* then goes on to consider some of the 'unsolved contradictions' of American foreign policy:—

For instance, the American horror of foreign political entanglements is still as great as it was when it first crystallized, a century and a half ago, in George Washington's famous warning. Yet the horror, which was originally felt for all entanglements, without exception, has, irrationally and unconsciously, become a localized horror of entanglements in one particular quarter. It remains limited to entanglements with Europe, mainly because Europe happened to represent the entire world for Americans in Washington's time. The horror has not attached itself to entanglements in regions with which the United States has only come into contact more recently. For example, there is no horror, in American minds, of entanglements in the affairs of the Pacific and the Far East. On the contrary, the United States has gone out of her way to entangle herself in this direction. She has annexed the Philippines; she has interested herself in China much as nineteenth-century England used to interest herself in Turkey; and her attitude to Japan may be likened to the attitude of nineteenth-century England to Russia. In fact, Americans now take it for granted that 'the Far-Eastern question' is their affair, very much as we made 'the Near-Eastern question' our affair in an age when we prized, as highly as the Americans do to-day, our 'splendid isolation' from the Continent.

And, finally, the Monroe Doctrine meets with special disapproval:—

Then there is the unresolved contradiction between the Monroe Doctrine and the policy of the United States in the Carib-

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bean. The Monroe Doctrine is a perpetual warning to the imperialistic powers of Europe to keep their hands off the republics of the New World. Yet, in her Caribbean policy, the United States is behaving toward the weakest of these sister republics just as the European powers have behaved toward their victims, and for just the same reasons. In fact, there is a ridiculously close parallel between the steps which the United States has been taking in order to control and protect the vital line of communications between her Atlantic and Pacific coasts, which runs through the Panama Canal, and the steps which Great Britain took, in her time, to control and protect her route through the Suez Canal to India. While the United States is dominating one Caribbean republic after another to suit her own national interests, she is talking 'Pan-Americanism' as eloquently as ever. How has she the face? She has it because Great Britain's eldest daughter has richly inherited the family gift of 'British hypocrisy.' Did we not talk as eloquently about protecting the Oriental peoples against Russian aggression at the time when we were putting Egypt and Cyprus in our pockets? All the same, British experience seems to show that this contradiction cannot be kept up permanently. The United States may find herself compelled to choose between her Caribbean policy and her 'Pan-American' policy sooner or later.

There is one other remarkable contradiction in American foreign policy. The Americans have a horror of committing themselves to any precise and positive international obligations for the preservation of peace; and yet they show by their acts that they are most sincerely pacific. The proof lies not so much in the fathering of the Kellogg Pact as in the acceptance of naval parity with the British Empire. Has it ever happened before that a nation which had the strategic position and the economic resources and the technical ability to make itself the mistress of the seas was content to go shares in that thalassocracy with the leading naval power of the day? How easily Germany succumbed to this lure of sea power. If the acceptance of parity is creditable to us, it is creditable to the Americans too. But the paradox remains. The nations which have the least desire to make aggressive wars are also the least willing to enter into positive commitments for making aggressive wars impossible.

Mexico against Morrow

DWIGHT MORROW'S gift of a Diego Rivera painting to the Mexican Republic has earned him the dislike of the big landowners of Spanish blood, whose estates have been broken up by the present régime. Of course Yankee imperialism is the ostensible object of attack, and a writer in the *Excelsior* of Mexico City accuses the United States of playing off the Mexican Indians against members of the Spanish race:—

> Before Spain lost her American colonies, the hatred of the North American masses was centred on that country, and no means of discrediting her was overlooked. Now, however, when there is nothing left to take from Spain, this contempt and propaganda are directed against the Spanish race in South American nations; for the North Americans sense, with an instinct which they are incapable of analyzing, that only the man of Spanish descent south of the Rio Grande can offer any resistance to Yankee acquisition of the natural resources of those countries, while this same instinct tells them that, if the Indian acquires those resources, the Yankee can easily dispossess him.

Mr. Morrow's critic then goes on to describe the offending work of Rivera in detail and to explain why it is so distasteful:—

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The painting is of the kind that has made the artist popular among the half-educated masses of the United States; that is to say, it is a libel against the Spanish race in Mexico. In the foreground, a Spaniard on horseback, with a cartridge belt around his waist, a gun on the saddle-bow, and a whip in his right hand, lashes some poor Indians who appear to be carrying bundles of sugar cane. Another Spaniard stands a short distance away with a spear in his left hand and the familiar whip in his right, striking with one blow ten Indians who are dragging a heavy cart loaded with cane. Farther back, a Spaniard in his underwear is lying in a hammock with an Indian woman swinging him while another Spaniard stands guard with a gun, and a picture of the Virgin and Child upon the wall seems to be blessing the scene.

Obviously the picture, which certainly was not painted from life, is worthy of Soviet Russia, a country that ex-Ambassador Morrow officially detests in relation to Europe, but officially applauds in relation to Mexico. This picture is intended to encourage and perpetuate hatred between the two races which make up the Mexican people, and for that reason the least that can be said of the gift of the Yankee ex-ambassador is that it shows lack of tact and a misunderstanding of his diplomatic rôle. If ambassadors have any mission at all, it is to carry messages of good will and to create ties of sympathy which will promote profitable and friendly commerce. No matter how little acumen Morrow may possess, he should have realized that Mexico has just passed through a revolution that, like all revolutions, leaves burning resentment behind, and he should have seen that his gift would help to encourage the very hatreds that President Ortiz Rubio, in a splendid message to the Mexican people, recommended be forgotten for the sake of our country's reconstruction.

Let us suppose that Señor Téllez, Mexican ambassador in Washington, should give to the people of the State of New York, to be hung in the State House at Albany, a series of paintings by Diego Rivera depicting scenes that really took place historically. One picture, for instance, might portray the hunts undertaken by the noble Puritans against the Indians in the virgin forests of New England; another might represent one of those interesting market-place scenes in which the men and women of cultured New England or of pacific and beatific Philadelphia bought Indian scalps, paying up to fifty dollars for a woman's and up to a hundred and thirty for those of children less than ten years of age; another might show witches being burned in Massachusetts, or display scenes of negro life in the South on the basis of authentic descriptions, or from incidents in *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* another might depict the exodus of the Indian tribes when they were dispossessed of their land east of Ohio and exiled to Indian territories; still another might very well present the edifying spectacle of a lynching, while the series might culminate with a scene showing the modern New York police applying the 'third degree,' in other words, torture, for which the Inquisition has been so condemned.

If Ambassador Téllez made such a gift, the State of New York would refuse it as an insult; the ambassador would be considered incompetent because of his flagrant lack of tact and even regarded as *persona non grata*. But in Mexico Morrow can make such a present with impunity and walk out with the highest official good will. The Government, which contains a great many men of pure Spanish race, or men with a large proportion of Spanish blood, did not resent the insult because it did not wish to fall out of favor with millionaires. And our people did not resent the insult because our new educational plans teach us that it is an act of patriotism to repudiate one's own race.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

VIENNA. Sundays, March 15–May 15, Popular Orchestral Concerts; Church Concerts; Exhibitions of Spanish Riding School; *March 18*, Wiener Symphony Concert, Leopold Reichwein, Conductor; *22*, Hairdressers' Contest; *30*, Schubert Society Concert; *April 16*, Concert of Wiener State Opera Chorus; *18*, Vocal Concert, Professors Luze and Grossmann, Conductors; *22*, Wiener Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Reichwein, Conductor; *May 15*, Derby.

Czechoslovakia

PIEŠTANY. April 5, Fencing Match, Poland–Czechoslovakia.

PRAGUE. March 15–30, Spring Art Exhibition; *22–29*, Sample Fair; Housepainters' Exhibition; *27–30*, Matches for the Championship of Europe in Greco-Roman Wrestling; *May 5*, International Cycling Races.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. March 20–April 4, Hygiene Exhibition, 'The Man II'; *May 8*, opening of the Tivoli (amusement park); Fifty-Year-Jubilee Race of Danish Bicycle Club.

France

PARIS. May 9, opening of the Paris Trade Fair.

Germany

BERLIN. March 13–20, Six-Day Bicycle Race; *15–20*, International Restaurant Fair and Cooking Exposition; *April 2–9*, Nature Conservation Congress and Exposition; *May 9*, opening of German Building Exposition.

BRESLAU. April 5–6, German Psychiatrists' Congress.

DORTMUND. March 29–April 4, Congress of German Society for the Advancement of the Teaching of Mathematics and Natural History; *April 24–May 3*, Seventh Westphalian Restaurant Fair.

DRESDEN. March 29, April 17, Symphony Concerts of the Saxon State Orchestra.

ESSEN. April 5–6, Music Festival of the Rhineland–Westphalia Branch of the National Association of German Musicians.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. April 15, Itinerant Exposition; *25–26*, Ninth Annual Exposition of the German Dog Fanciers Association.

KÖLN. March 22–25, Spring Fair; *22–27*, Technical Spring Fair; *April 19–22*, Furniture Fair; *28*, Congress of Association of German Engineers.

LEIPZIG. March 19, Gewandhaus Concert, Beethoven Ninth Symphony, Bruno Walter, Conductor; *April 12–May 3*, Easter Furs and Leather Fair.

MARBURG. April 30, Students' Historical May Celebration.

STUTTGART. March 20–22, Riding and Driving Tournament.

WIESBADEN. March 20, April 3, 5, Symphony Concerts; *May 9–14*, International Automobile Tournament.

Holland

AMSTERDAM. March 29, Football, Holland–Belgium; *April 10–26*, International Exhibition, 'Sugar'; *26*, Football, Holland–Germany; *May 3*, Football, Belgium–Holland.

ROTTERDAM. April, Flower Show.

Hungary

BUDAPEST. March 20–25, Hungarian Agricultural Exposition and Fair; *22*, Football, Hungary-Czechoslovakia; *22–April 5*, Art Exhibition of M. T. Pólya; *28–April 6*, International Motorcar Show; *April 5, Grand-Prix* Motor-

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cycle Race; *6*, *Grand-Prix* Motor-car Race; *12*, Football, Hungary–Switzerland; *May 9–18*, Budapest International Fair.

ITALY

ALESSANDRIA. April 26, International Automobile Race.

BRESCIA. April 12, International Thousand-Mile Automobile Race.

FLORENCE. March 15, 19, 22, 29, Horse Races; *22–31*, National Artisans' Fair; *April 4*, Chariot Festival; *21*, opening of Italian Garden Show; *May 1*, Horticultural Exposition; *7–8*, International Congress of the Society for the Protection of Animals; *9–10*, International Dog Show; *13*, International Experiments with Police Dogs.

GARDONE. May 9–17, Second International Motor-boat Congress.

MILAN. March, Opera Season at the Scala Theatre; *25, 28, 29*, Horce Races; *April 12–27*, International Fair; Second International Congress and Show of Urban Hygiene; International Show of Street-Accident Prevention; *15*, Fourth International Automobile Show; *May 5, 12*, International Tennis Championship Matches.

MONZA. March 15, 18, 22, Horse Races; *April 26*, International Motorcycle Races.

NAPLES. March, Opera Season at the San Carlo Theatre; *April 4–12*, Horse Races.

PALERMO. April 12, International Motorcycle Races.

ROME. March 15–May 15, Horse Races; *April 1–5*, Holy-Week Services; *April 3*, Procession of Penitents; *5, 12, 19, 23, 26*, Concerts.

SAN REMO. March 19–20, Second International Dog Show; *29*, Milan–San Remo Bicycle Race; *April 21*, Flower and Folklore Festival.

SIENA. March 15, Guitar Concert by Segovia; *29*, Concert by Guarneri Quartet; *April*, Violin Concert, Bronislaw Hubermann.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. April 30, Walpurgis Night, Arrival of Spring.

STOCKHOLM. March 17, *Bal Masqué*, Royal Opera House; *22*, First Winter *Grand-Prix* Motor Race.

SPAIN

SEVILLE. March 28–April 5, Holy-Week Processions.

SWITZERLAND

AROSA. April 6, Easter Ski Race.

BASEL. April 11–21, Fifteenth Swiss Sample Fair; *May 9–17*, Mozart Festival.

BERN. April, International Fencing Tournament for Ladies.

DAVOS-PLATZ. March 15–31, Spring Ski Meeting.

ENGELBERG. April 6, Easter Ski Race at Trübsee.

FLIMS. March 15, Glacier Downhill Race; *May*, People's Parliament.

FLUMS-SPITZMEILEN. April 6, Easter Downhill Ski Race.

GENEVA. March 23–28, International Congress of Psychical Research; *April*, World Championship Billiards Matches; *May 9–10*, International Dog Show.

GLARIS. May 3, People's Parliament.

HUNDWIL. April 26, People's Parliament.

LOCARNO. April, Camellia Festival with Pageant.

MONTREUX. April, International Tennis and Hockey Tournaments.

WINTERTHUR. March 29, Performance of Bach's *Passion according to Saint John*.

ZÜRICH. March 18, Concert by Casals, Cortot, Thibaud; *April*, Spring Festival and Burning of the *Bögg*; *April 2, 3*, Concerts by the Gemischten Chor Zürich; *April 29*, Celebration of the University Foundation Anniversary with Torch Procession; *May 2*, Concert by the Concert-Hall Orchestra of Amsterdam.

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CORRESPONDENCE

WARS AND RUMORS of war arouse, as a rule, less alarm in the United States than in Europe. Thoughtful Americans recognize, however, that it would be difficult to isolate a European calamity and it is even felt in some quarters that self-interest urges us to make concessions. Such, in any event, is the opinion of one of our French subscribers, who unburdens himself of some home truths and ends with a note of encouraging commendation.

34 RUE FONTENELLE
HAVRE, SEINE-INFÉRIEURE, FRANCE

TO THE EDITOR:—

'Peace on earth'—if only it could be possible! Here in Europe we live under the menace of war, worse still, the menace of Communism, as the three million unemployed in Germany, *who have nothing to lose*, are ripe for Communism.

I endeavor to be impartial, but it seems to me the U. S. A. are not playing their part in the affairs of the world. If you, with your enormous power, said to Germany: 'We won't allow another war,' and if you allowed immigration, the problem would be solved—and subsequently your economic crisis, with a larger buying public, would stop. You cannot remain one hundred and thirty million inhabitants in such an enormous country as the States. When Europeans travel through the States, we have the impression there is no rural population at all, whereas in Europe villages follow close up to other villages along the railway—sixty million inhabitants in the now much smaller Germany.

I don't want to enlarge, and I have no authority to do so, but everything is upside down in the world, and the next war with poison gas and *especially bacteria* will mean the end of European civilization—the fable of the apprentice sorcerer come true.

BERNARD V. KABLÉ

A Brooklyn subscriber is also struck by the work THE LIVING AGE is doing in relation to future wars.

1982 TROY AVENUE
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

TO THE EDITOR:—

I should hate to be without THE LIVING AGE, particularly in our present state of the world with respect to future wars. I think that by your international subjects by writers of different nations you are fostering a feeling of kinship and understanding. I think that the degree of this is not surpassed by any other printed matter that I know of. The only difficulty is that few persons get the contact with this matter.

LLOYD A. RIDER

In answer to Mr. Rider's final sentence we can only repeat once again what we have said many times before, that we are always glad to send free samples to the friends of our subscribers.

Mr. J. Hartley Merrick of Philadelphia uses THE LIVING AGE as the text of a sermon directed at the *Boston Herald*.

PHILADELPHIA
PENNSYLVANIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

Permit me to call your attention to the enclosed editorial clipping taken from the *Boston Herald* of date January 21 last. It seems to me regrettable that a great daily paper which ranks so highly among the best published in this country should take such a narrow view of the propriety, to say nothing of the desirability or even necessity, of our citizens' generally becoming better acquainted with the affairs of foreign nations and their peoples. Separated though the latter may be in most instances geographically from us, they are after all our neighbors and potential friends—to become all the closer to us, perhaps, the more information we have about them and their activities, and the more intimately we may thus be able to apprehend their point of view.

The final paragraph of the editorial herein referred to strikes such a parochial note and is so contrary to the broad, intelligent, and neighborly attitude you have adopted and now

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maintain as the policy of THE LIVING AGE that I venture to send the clipping along to you, 'to point a moral, or adorn a tale.' Why is it, I wonder, that 'we Americans' are inclined to be so sensitive and resentful of criticism by those not of our own household? 'Truth is mighty and shall prevail'; and if the shoe fits it is well to put it on and wear it without wincing.

J. HARTLEY MERRICK

The final paragraph of the editorial to which Mr. Merrick takes exception runs as follows:—

We know all we need to know about foreign affairs. We might know more, of course, with advantage, for the study is both useful and interesting; but we certainly know as much about foreigners as they of us. Englishmen know more about India, let us say, than we do; but that is because their real interest is greater than ours. And so with other places. We have no relations with foreign countries so close as to make it necessary that we should be familiar with their social conditions and their politics.

Floyd H. Black, President of the American College in Sofia, Bulgaria, was moved by an editorial note in our December issue describing pre-war Sofia as the gayest city in the Balkans to write as follows.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE
SOFIA, BULGARIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

In the December number of THE LIVING AGE there is a paragraph on Bulgaria included in the series of paragraphs entitled 'The World Over.' Since it is the policy of THE LIVING AGE to present an accurate view of conditions in foreign countries I feel that it may be of service to point out the serious misunderstanding of conditions in this country which this paragraph gives. I am sure that any citizen of this country who may chance to read the paragraph will be highly incensed by the unfair impression of Bulgaria which any reader must have who has no knowledge of the country except the statements in this paragraph.

The paragraph might be corrected as follows: Queen Giovanna is twenty-three years old. Although the marriage ceremony was performed very soon after public announcement of the engagement was made, the marriage had been discussed freely in the Bulgarian press for at least three years before it occurred. In the country the marriage is regarded as a love match rather than a political match. A generation ago Sofia was a small city with a population of about 82,000 inhabitants. It was never particularly gay, proud, or wealthy. To-day with its immediate suburbs it has a population of approximately 240,000. Then it had one good hotel, whereas now it has three. Many handsome public buildings have been constructed since the War and the general appearance of the city is far more attractive than it ever was in the past. It is a serious exaggeration to say that its jails are full of political prisoners. There have been no attempts at revolution since 1924. Regrettable as the Macedonian comitadji raids are, they are trifling as compared with the operations of the great gangs of terrorists who operate daily in New York and Chicago. The condition of the peasants is far better than it ever was before the War. Notwithstanding the poverty and discontent that resulted from the War much real progress has been made in Bulgaria. The railway mileage has been considerably increased and the train services greatly improved. The highways throughout the kingdom have been approximately doubled in mileage. One can go by automobile to every part of the country. Public automobile services are maintained between all the large towns in the country. Electricity has been installed in hundreds of villages. Sanitary water systems have been installed in the villages throughout the country. Attractive and sanitary public-school buildings are being constructed in large numbers in the villages. Tractors, power thrashing machines, and other modern farm machines are found throughout the country and are rapidly displacing the ancient implements.

Bulgaria is a small and poor country but its people are progressive. They are extremely self-reliant, laborious, and patient. They are almost fanatical in their thirst for education. They are not good at advertising their own country. I first visited Bulgaria in 1912 and have lived near Sofia since 1926. It is my good fortune to be well acquainted personally with many of the prominent people of the country, including many members of previous cabinets, as Geshoff, Daneff, Mihail Madjaroff, and

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others, as well as Mr. Liaptcheff, Professor Tsankoff, Mr. Buroff and other members of the present Government. Through my acquaintance with the policy of the Government and with the feeling throughout the country I am confident that there is no considerable party in this country which desires a war with any of its neighbors.

FLOYD H. BLACK, *President*

An Indian reader living in Geneva, Switzerland, places THE LIVING AGE among the leading reviews of the entire world. His name is S. N. Ghose and he is secretary to the World's Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He writes in part:—

I need hardly tell you that your magazine is really magnificent. Its lacunæ are very few indeed, and it will be no exaggeration, in my opinion, to place your paper in the list of *the very finest* of all the monthlies published in the world. I have often recommended THE LIVING AGE for private and public libraries, and sincerely hope that every day more and more people will appreciate the service it renders in bringing together the memorable events of the world within a reading compass.

One of our New York readers makes these interesting comments on what the words, 'Living Age,' mean to her. We should welcome most cordially the views of other readers on the same subject.

281 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR:—

Being somewhat over twenty years old and having majored in history at college (not that I remember any), I am willing to admit that other ages before this one may have seemed 'living ages' to those who lived in them. I suppose the reason why this one seems to us the 'livingest' of all is, firstly, because it is our own; secondly, because we are in closer touch with the world's manifold forms of life than most preceding ages have been—this is an oppressively communicative age; thirdly, because to the life of this age every past age contributes: we are, as Omar said, ourselves with yesterday's seven thousand years. Obvious.

Life in this and any age is made up of possessions, occupations, and relationships. Whether one be a factory worker, or a millionaire, or a nun, life employs those forms, however much one form or another may predominate. Our occupations largely determine our possessions, and our possessions in turn largely decide our occupations. Only in finding and accepting our relationships have we much of any freedom.

Furthermore, although some occupations, such as an editor's, and some possessions, such as a cat, are enthrallingly interesting, still, taken by and large as life presents them, whether first-hand among our own acquaintance, or once removed, as in literature, relationships are the most engrossing, the most subtle, the most answering aspect of life.

What THE LIVING AGE means to me is an opportunity to establish the most fascinating of the once-removed relationships. Our newspapers, excellent as they are in some respects, have a fabricative tendency which undermines one's interest in them. Our magazines necessarily contain much mediocrity. THE LIVING AGE can choose an all-star cast for every issue. THE LIVING AGE skims the cream off the world!

Of course some people will not care for it. There is always the little city boy who does not like the milk in the country because it has a nasty yellow scum.

Sincerely,
GLADYS W. BARNES

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

peared in our January issue. Herr Basseches has been living in Soviet territory for the past eleven years.

TWO ITEMS in our 'Persons and Personages' department deserve special attention. Dr. Sven von Müller's account of an interview with Mussolini shows us a more weary and disillusioned dictator than we encounter in the daily papers. But Mussolini is not the only world-famous figure described in this issue. The celebrated clown, Grock, gives an intimate description of Charlie Chaplin, whose new picture, *City Lights*, has just been released.

TWO FRENCH journalists have made an exhaustive survey of Berlin with which they endeavor to shock and inform the alert readers of *Le Crapouillot*. They describe many aspects of modern Germany—political, theatrical, and journalistic—that are omitted from the ordinary correspondent's reports. In a much more serious vein is Felix Salten's dismal account of the German capital, which he compares to the crater of a volcano. Herr Salten is the author of *Bambi* and contributes frequently to his native Austrian papers. He has recently returned from a visit to the United States.

DR. MORITZ J. BONN is another German who is familiar with America. He teaches at the Commercial University of Berlin and has written several books about the United States. His essay on 'Capitalism and Literature' is a justification of individualism on the ground that it is more stimulating to the creative artist than socialism. That he should set forth such a thesis with such emphasis says a good deal for the present state of mind of Germany.

SO MANY aspects of modern Europe are painful that it is rather a pleasure to turn back occasionally to the past. In recent issues we have presented hitherto unpublished material by Proust, Nietzsche, Landor, and Heine. This time we give a contemporary account of the dispute between Richard Wagner and King Ludwig II of Bavaria, written at the time by the minister from Hanover to the court at Munich.

BUT NOT quite all the happiness in the world is confined to the past. Chile is undertaking an experiment in colonization that has attracted ten thousand German settlers, and now there is talk of some Cossacks' following in their train. A visitor to the newly established colony at Peñaflor near Santiago presents an idyllic description of the life out there.

SOME YEARS ago THE LIVING AGE used to include among its regular features a department entitled 'Business Abroad.' In conformity with our policy of maintaining the traditional standards of the magazine we are introducing in this number a similar feature under the general heading, 'America Looks Abroad,' the purpose of which will be to discuss from time to time foreign business and finance from the American point of view. We present in this issue a bold proposal by Harry C. Cushing, 3rd, a general partner in the New York Stock Exchange firm of Herrick, Berg & Company, to the effect that the United States should establish in foreign countries, beginning with England, financial-information missions for the purpose of spreading more accurate reports abroad about real conditions in America. For the title of this department, we make acknowledgment to Mr. Paul Mazur, whose book, *America Looks Abroad*, has drawn wide attention to the opportunities for American enterprise in foreign lands.

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WAR AND PEACE

GERMANY has been hit especially hard by the present economic crisis. She has done all in her power to insure the foundations of her national existence, but her hopes of lasting improvement are dependent upon circumstances over which we have no control. The German people eagerly anticipates that international collaboration in the coming year will spare it further painful disappointments. The reconciliation of the opposing interests which are now everywhere menacing the political, social, and economic destinies of nations cannot be achieved through the efforts of individual countries but demands world-encompassing coöperation.—*President von Hindenburg of Germany.*

But there remains the most important of all factors in determining the peace of the world—armaments. So long as there are means to do ill deeds, ill deeds will be done. If the weapons for war are forged and kept ready for use, then indeed the opportunity for their use will ultimately be found. But disarmament must be universal; otherwise the peace-loving communities will suffer.

Here the influence of the League of Nations and of all organizations promoting world peace becomes most effective. To the extent that the peoples of the world think in terms of peace, to that extent a sound public opinion against war is being created.—*Prime Minister R. B. Bennett of Canada.*

The event which has exercised the most decisive influence upon our foreign relations during the last twelve months was the conclusion of the London Naval Treaty. It is impossible to overestimate the significance of the part which this treaty has played in stabilizing the international situation. It put an end to the possibility of competition among these three great naval powers in auxiliary craft, of which ominous signs had been looming on the horizon for some years past.—*Baron Shidehara, Foreign Minister of Japan.*

What is wanted in America is not speeches for or in defense of Europe, but simply statements of the reality of affairs. Modern-day travel has done away with the great divide of the Atlantic Ocean, and the communities of interests between your continent and mine are too great for mere oratory. When I am asked to speak of Europe I do so with the intention of rendering service to Europe and my own country. Nothing, in my opinion, is less respectful toward American public opinion than to imagine that a United States of Europe may be regarded with jealous eyes by the United States. The supreme necessity for American prosperity is peace, and peace can only be guaranteed by some sort of all-European economic federation.—*Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Foreign Minister.*

Security must be completed with international action such as arbitration in case of conflict, and a sincere all-round reduction of armaments. I still insist upon the necessity of a strong, efficient, and well-equipped national army, but I am equally insistent upon the necessity for international agreements and general disarmament. I am in favor of all means of preventing war, both national and international. Far from being contrary to the policy of M. Briand, my policy actually complements the French foreign minister's. The cause of peace can only gain from our collaboration.—*André Maginot, French Minister of War.*

If something serious, something definite is not done European civilization is in danger. Europe to-day is an armed camp. I have been informed that Yugoslavia can put 800,000 men in the field on ten days' notice. Europe to-day reminds me of the days of 1913–14.

Disarmament should have been brought about when the people met at Versailles. There was no moral disarmament in Paris. There were more seeds of discord sown at Paris than ever before.

Until there is a moral desire for disarmament and the people of the world feel it and, accordingly, are willing to accept President Wilson's Fourteen Points, you can't have disarmament. It seems strange that intelligent people say that gestures can make peace. The Kellogg Pact cannot make peace.—*Honorable Henry Morgenthau, former American Ambassador to Turkey.*

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